The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908.

The Week.

President Roosevelt's order removing the collector of customs and the special Treasury agent at Port Huron, Mich., for pernicious activity in politics, is highly commendable. Commendable also is the President's desire that his "action shall be given as wide publicity as possible, . . . so that all other collectors and heads of bureaus or offices may be warned in the matter." The particular offence with which the collector at Port Huron was charged is demanding political assessments from the classified employees at the custom house. This breach of propriety is, as the President says, "very gross." Nevertheless, the collector at Port Huron may quite possibly be astonished to find himself brought up with a round turn. Preceding the Chicago Convention, the Federal officeholders throughout the country were exceedingly active. The Federal machine as a whole was being vigorously operated in behalf of Mr. Taft, and collectors and postmasters zealously rounded up delegates without suffering a word of rebuke from the President or the heads of the departments. Since the Convention there has also been some political activity which Mr. Bryan, at least, would describe as pernicious. No less a personage than the President himself has descended into the arena and has taken advantage of his position to secure a wide hearing for his arguments for Mr. Taft and against Mr. Bryan and Mr. Haskell. It is not to be wondered at that subordinates have supposed that the rule against activity was suspended *pro tem.*

Hesitating voters must be turned from Mr. Taft every time he expounds his peculiar doctrine about the Wilson tariff and the panic of 1893. We do not recall any selection of an issue by a candidate in any previous campaign, so thoroughly calculated to do a minimum of good and a maximum of harm to his political fortunes. The South Dakota audience, to whom Mr. Taft described the Wilson bill, last week, as "that great tariff measure," "under the influence of which wheat went down below fifty cents," may possibly have included two or three farmers so densely ignorant as to suppose that the two things had some relation to one another. But the South Dakota speech was duly telegraphed and printed and Mr. Taft may be sure that for every muddle-headed listener who might have been deluded, a hundred intelligent readers of his words, among his natural supporters in other localities, were stirred to indignation. Republican stump speakers used to pretend that the Dingley tariff caused prosperity—a prosperity which would turn into panic and hard times again the instant any one but a Republican was elected President. But the panic of 1907, at the height of Republican ascendency and with its tariff in full vigor, has disposed of the "workingmen's full dinner-pail" as a campaign cry, and therefore Mr. Taft seems to think that nothing is left except to tell the farmer, who is fortunately still prosperous, that the Republican party makes the wheat grow and the foreign markets bid for it, whereas the Democrats, with their Wilson Bill in 1894, blighted the corn crop and prevented the buying of wheat. This talk about "the tariff bill which sent wheat below fifty cents a bushel" is a great shock to people whose support of Mr. Taft had been based on belief in his wisdom and good sense. The reiteration of such statements will do more than anything else possibly could to drive from his side the independent Democrats, whose scorn of economic fallacies prevented their support of Bryan, who believe in a lower tariff, whose votes won the elections of both 1892 and 1896, and may be the decisive factor in 1908.

Mr. Taft's argument for the publication of campaign contributions after election, rather than before, is not without plausibility. The chief purpose of the various laws on the subject is, of course, that the people shall ultimately know who gave the money and how it was spent; and that corruption of the electorate shall be prevented. There is also a possibility that the publication of the names will afford a pretext for cheap partisan clamor against this man or that. But the McCall bill, which Mr. Taft approved, provided for publication before election. And as to clap-trap and possible misconstruction of motives—what is fair for one side is fair for the other. The Republicans have no monopoly of virtue. If the Democrats come out with their report, the worst construction can and will be placed on Republican silence. Mr. Bryan will be entitled to say that the Republicans are afraid to show their accounts and trust the general intelligence of the people to interpret the facts correctly. And to this charge there can be no effective answer.

Mr. Taft is highly indignant because he is accused of having said that a dollar a day is wages enough for any man. But is he so little read in the history of Presidential campaigns as not to know that this particular accusation has been levelled at every candidate for many years past? Last time Judge Parker had to meet the identical attack, backed up, of course, by an affidavit of a man who had heard him say so; and it is only a variant of it which makes Mr. Bryan this year responsible for having called laboring men "beggars." Consequently, far from provoking wrath, this special form of campaign calumny should serve to reassure a Presidential nominee. It shows that he is truly in the line of the great vilified of other days. Many occurrences in the past few weeks might well have led Judge Taft to doubt whether he, or another, were the Republican candidate, but with the arrival of the dollar-a-day story, all uncertainty is at an end. The thing takes its place beside the *Cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes. "I am alleged to have said that a dollar a day is good enough for any laboring man, therefore I am a Presidential candidate."

Equally stereotyped is Mr. Taft's innocent assertion that he is now certain that he is going to be elected. The sure evidence is the crowds that have poured out to hear him. But it is in this way that all candidates are always elected—in advance of the voting. Bryan carried the country several times over in 1896, and again in 1900, on the strength of his enormous audiences. It is the pathetic but the invariable fallacy of all

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who run for the Presidency. Poor Greeley had it in 1872. Blaine fell into it in 1884. It is, indeed, the most natural thing in the world. A candidate faces a vast assemblage, all eager to hear him speak, and he cannot easily resist the conclusion that the country is rising to him. There is no one to tell him that as great a crowd would gather to see a two-headed monster, a still greater one to see him hanged, and that his rival had the same hall similarly stuffed with the same people the week before. So the old delusion persists. "Until I saw the crowds, I was in doubt. Now I know that I am going to be elected." Both Bryan and Taft say it. It is a conventionality of the campaign which could not be omitted. If people more easily smile at such solemn futilities this year, it is because everybody knows how confused the electoral battle really is, and how impossible is a prediction of the outcome. With party lines wavering and broken as never before; with conflicts in a dozen States cutting directly across national issues and confounding the wisdom of the politicians; with guerrilla fighters turning up in every patch of bushes; with business still depressed and a great army out of work; with campaign funds meagre; with the evidence of popular excitement small—it is absurd for any one to pretend to know what the result will be. Yet politics would not be politics if those in the business did not affect the owl-like gravity of Roman augurs, and pose as wiser than seven men that can render a reason.

Is it good Republican politics for Mr. Sherman to hug Speaker Cannon so closely to his bosom? Even the West, where the ordinary rules of consistency go into hiding when infallibility at Washington speaks, must wake to the incongruity of the situation. While salvos of artillery ring out every Monday and Thursday against Trusts, predatory interests, and reactionary legislators, the vice-heir to the Roosevelt policies goes about announcing that Cannon, the arch-fiend, has been "a tower of strength to the Administration," a slayer of vicious bills, a very Cerberus of economy whose capitalized value to his country cannot be less than "ten million dollars." Mr. Bryan in his regular Wednesday and Saturday letter to the President is sure to seize upon the incident. If Cannon, after all these years in Congress, needs for reëlection the aid of the Republican candidate for Vice-President, his district is showing a moral sensitiveness which bodes no good to any apologist of Cannon. If he does not need Mr. Sherman's assistance, why does Mr. Sherman gratuitously take the risk?

Of the eight Republican Senators who opposed Gov. Hughes on the gambling issue, five have been denied a renomination. The last case is that of Benjamin M. Wilcox of Auburn. Senator Wilcox was a conspicuous offender, as his prominence in a Methodist church lent a fine touch of hypocrisy to his alliance with the gamblers. He was so strong politically in his district, however, that he was able to keep the Senatorial convention deadlocked for weeks. But on Monday, the last day under the law when a party nomination could be made, another man was finally chosen, though Chairman Woodruff went in person to beg for the selection of Wilcox, saying that he himself would shoulder "the responsibility for the nomination." The delegates, though, would not, and Wilcox has gone to swell the mortality-list of those who defied their constituents as well as the Governor, on a plain issue of public morality. It is an impressive and wholesome demonstration.

Lieut.-Gov. Chanler makes an agreeable impression in his speech accepting the nomination for Governor. His open rebuke of Chairman Conners for betraying his confidence, is a pleasing indication of personal vigor. In general, he endorses the Democratic platform, which does not, we are bound to say, afford a very substantial footing. Like Gov. Hughes, he pledges himself to carry on the work of deepening the Erie Canal. He could not do otherwise. The project was long agitated and was finally approved in a popular referendum. To-day the undertaking could not properly be abandoned without resubmission; and on a new vote we believe the result would be substantially the same as before. Mr. Chanler, we regret to note, accepts the clap-trap in the Democratic platform condemning "government by commission." This is not a subject in regard to which wise men indulge in sweeping generalities. No sound formula for or against commissions can be framed. The question in each particular instance is whether a certain function of government can be better discharged by a single officer, elected, say, or appointed by the Governor, or chosen by the Legislature—or by a commission created in one of these three ways. The circumstances of the case and the nature of the duties should determine the character of the executive. Mr. Chanler declares for honest and efficient government. All candidates do that; but Mr. Chanler is, we believe, entirely sincere; and were he elected, he would doubtless endeavor, within his lights and his capacity, to fulfil his pledge. But all that he promises Gov. Hughes has already performed.

In summing up the work of the American Bankers' Association at Denver, most emphasis is laid upon the opposition to the Bryan plan for guaranteeing deposits. This was condemned in addresses and by formal resolution. Yet it should not be overlooked that the Association also expressed disapproval of the scheme for postal savings banks. This was in the Republican platform, and has been especially endorsed by Mr. Taft. Clearly, then, the bankers have vindicated their non-partisanship. The report on the Aldrich-Vreeland currency bill appears to be a kind of damning with faint praise. The measure was described as one that could not be altogether approved, yet which was "in the direction of progress." A pretty plain implication is that the greatest progress will be made by not bringing the new law into use at all.

The meeting at Grand Rapids last week to promote the building of a canal to connect Lakes Michigan and Huron is but one proof more of the quickened interest in deep waterways. This latest project follows one for a canal from South Chicago to Toledo, O., by which 500 miles would be cut off from the present lake route between the two cities. That the scheme has such backing as that of the Chicago Association of Commerce is probably due to Canadian competition in water-borne freight, but the fact that the proposed canal would do much to swing traffic southward to find its way to the sea via Buffalo and the Erie Canal is sufficient to enlist the attention of New York. The canal would

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be 244 miles long, with a depth of twenty feet. The chief difficulty is that a greater enterprise seems to have the right of way, namely, the Lakes-to-Gulf Canal. Meanwhile, Canada, more than ever alert to her opportunities, is pushing the Trent Canal system to completion. One look at the map of the Dominion shows the advantage that would be gained by a canal connecting the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The Trent Canal was begun as long ago as 1837. But other and more pressing subjects then demanded attention, and the work progressed slowly, for many years stopping altogether. To date, something like $5,000,000 has been spent on the enterprise; and the Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, in a recent speech at Peterboro, made the statement that this year the Government is devoting a million dollars to the canal, and that to complete it will require two millions or more. He was positive, however, that work would not cease until this link in Canada's waterways is finished. In all, Canada has spent since confederation more than ninety millions of dollars on her canal systems; adding the sums laid out previous to that event, she has expended a total of more than one hundred and twenty millions on canals.

A two-cent stamp now carries a letter from Los Angeles to Liverpool. The new treaty making this possible is hailed on both sides of the ocean as a good business stroke and also a tightening of the bonds of international friendship. Probably time will justify the opinion, but in the meanwhile ignorant men wonder why the American authorities did not accept, along with Imperial penny-post, the parcels-post system. To be sure, the former benefits a larger number of persons and benefits them more constantly; but the lack of the parcels-post works far more serious inconveniences. To make the present situation thoroughly anomalous, our Post Office Department receives and delivers packages forwarded from Europe at parcels-post rates, but accepts none for abroad save at prohibitive rates. But the wise know that the anomaly must endure at least as long as Senator Platt; for to send bundles to Europe would be to compete with the express companies.

TURKEY AND BULGARIA.

To all of the little Balkan states the revolution in Turkey must have come as an unwelcome surprise. They have all been waiting impatiently for Turkish misrule and anarchy to hasten the break-up of the Empire. That was to be their opportunity. To none can the prospect of a rejuvenated Turkey have brought greater disappointment than to Bulgaria. For while her rivals, Greece and Servia, could trust only to accident and the good will of the Powers for a share of the Ottoman heritage, Bulgaria has been for a long time in a position to take what she wanted by force of arms. Greece tried war with Turkey in 1897 and made only a ridiculous showing. Servia, of course, would stand no chance. But Bulgaria's fighting efficiency is regarded by experts as fully equal to that of Turkey, though based on a population only one-sixth as large. She can place 210,000 men in the field within ten days, and can reinforce them with 230,000 men of the first and second reserve. Turkey's army, while on paper numerically superior, is in a far lower state of efficiency. She would need six weeks to mobilize even partially. Bulgaria, in consequence, could afford to regard the growth of Macedonian anarchy with equanimity. She was prepared.

Bulgaria, however, was not prepared for an Ottoman revolution that had for its main objects the reorganization of the Empire on the basis of liberal institutions and a policy of conciliation towards the warring nationalities in Macedonia. With Macedonia quieted and appeased, the Turkish break-up would be long postponed, the sympathies of Europe would be gained for the new régime, and the splendid Bulgarian army would either grow rusty with disuse, or, with the heavy cost of its maintenance, ruin the four millions who make up Bulgaria. Hence it became essential for Bulgaria to strike before the new order in Turkey had taken firm root. A declaration of war without sufficient cause would not, of course, be tolerated by the Powers. But to proclaim the independence of Bulgaria would be a step which a proud and vigorous young nation might take without arousing general condemnation, inasmuch as such a declaration would be only the official recognition of what has been an accomplished fact for the last thirty years.

If war comes, it must be by the action of Turkey. Will the reform party which is now in power at Constantinople go to that extreme? The situation of the Young Turks is indeed difficult. It is not only the chances of war they must now take into account, but the possible effects of war on conditions at home. The temper of the Young Turkish leaders in external policy has been militant. The Gueshoff incident (virtually a refusal to recognize the representative of Bulgaria at Constantinople) is the direct cause of the present crisis; and this trouble was brought on by the rather foolish desire to vindicate Turkey's theoretical but long dormant rights over Bulgaria. In other parts of the Empire the Young Turkish leaders have evinced a similar determination to reassert Turkey's obsolescent claims. But it is one thing to proclaim a policy of aggressive patriotism in the first flush of victory over a decadent régime; it is another to face such arduous conditions as those now presented by Bulgaria. Against war, in the first place, is the unpreparedness of the Turkish army. Against war, too, is the danger of reaction within Turkey. Should the war begin with even a minor setback for the Turkish army, there is little doubt that Abdul Hamid would attempt to seize control of affairs. The Young Turkish party would be accused of having brought disaster upon the country, and the Constitution would be abrogated just as the Constitution of 1876 was done to death under similar circumstances. The restoration of the old despotism would readily lead to revolt in Macedonia, if indeed the majority in that country would not certainly rise in event of strife between Turkey and Bulgaria. But perhaps the weightiest reason against war is that, even in case of victory, the Turks have nothing to gain. Europe, which has been watching Turkish decline for centuries, will not allow a Turkish advance. Turkey's decisive victory over Greece in 1897 brought her no gain outside of a small indemnity, and a rectification of her southern boundary.

Peaceful acquiescence in Bulgaria's action has also its difficulties. The reactionary elements can bring forward the same charge against the Young Turks that would be forthcoming in the case

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of war and defeat. Instead of saving the Empire from dismemberment, the new Turkish Ministry will have begun with the sacrifice of province after province. Bulgaria is gone, and Bosnia and Herzegovina are on the point of being annexed by Austria-Hungary. Should Turkey quietly submit, what will be the effect on the other nationalities? Will Greece refrain from taking chances by the annexation of Crete? Will Servia keep her hands off Novi-Bazar or Uskub? What will happen to the weak remnants of Turkish authority in Arabia? If Austria has been behind Bulgaria, then, of course, Italy will insist on compensation on the Adriatic coast, and Russia may make a bid for the freedom of the Dardanelles. Even the case of Bulgaria is complicated. Herself long virtually independent, Bulgaria has held since 1885 Eastern Rumelia, which has continued to pay tribute to Turkey. To abandon Turkish suzerainty over Bulgaria proper would perhaps work no immediate harm. But surrendering Eastern Rumelia would actually be giving up Turkish territory.

Such are the elements of a highly disquieting situation. As yet the chances seem to be in favor of peace. Europe is not quite prepared to go to war over the Balkans, and the diplomats will probably patch up the business. It may be, too, that the Young Turks, who have made such a good record for efficiency and self-control at home, will show a still greater self-control in foreign affairs. They may allow the lost provinces and dependencies to go in name, as well as in fact, while they set themselves to strengthen and cement the provinces Turkey still rules. Whether they are strong enough to force such a policy of abnegation on the Turkish people and defend themselves against reactionary intrigue is the question. That the influence of Great Britain and France will be behind them in such a policy would appear to be certain.

REFORM AND HYPOCRISY.

The pot-and-kettle exchange of letters between Mr. Bryan and President Roosevelt has, let us hope, been brought to a close, for the time being, at least. A wearied and disgusted people are ready to exclaim with Christopher Sly: "'Tis a very excellent piece of work: would 'twere done!" Yet the state of facts and of morals in party management, which the correspondence has emphasized, calls for comment and, above all, for discrimination. How much of the change which has confessedly come about represents a true political reform, and how much mere pretence and hypocrisy? What part of it all is to remain with us as a fixed advance in party methods, and what to be dropped as temporary aberration and insincerity?

One able to recall Presidential campaigns for twenty-five years past might be tempted to think that our parties had suddenly become not merely virtuous but saintly. In 1884, for example, the Republicans openly put a protected manufacturer and corporation magnate at the head of their National Committee, and made no concealment of their wish and intent to get money from any selfish or corrupt quarter. Jay Gould's gift of $50,000 at the end of the campaign was particularly welcome. Four years later, the party of moral ideas was led to victory by Quay, under whom Theodore Roosevelt worked for Harrrison's election, possibly at that time acquiring that admiration for the great political bandit which led him, at Quay's death, to send a telegram bewailing the loss of a personal friend. The frankly commercial spirit in which Mark Hanna managed the two campaigns in which he was chairman is notorious. A prominent and honored Ohio Republican has said of Mr. Hanna that his only notion of political activity was "to go out and buy somebody." It is not necessary to enlarge the list of names or of infamies. Any political Rip Van Winkle of the age of "blocks-of-five" Dudley and President Arthur's "soap" and Platt's open purchase of up-State cattle, who should wake up to-day to see the two parties vying with each other in scorn of vote-buying and in flogging the money-changers from the temple with a whip of small cords, might well think that the millennium had dawned since he fell asleep.

If, however, he rubbed his eyes hard enough, and looked about him with sufficient sharpness, he would discover that Satan was not yet bound, or the saints inheriting all of the earth. He would see certain undoubted gains. The secret and interested campaign contribution is in a fair way to be abolished. Such vast sums from suspect sources as were paid over in the dark to elect Roosevelt four years ago, are already a thing of the past. The vows of poverty which the two parties have taken this year are not, it is true, wholly voluntary. They have renounced corruption funds partly because they can no longer collect them. But though the motives may not be entirely pure, the result is good. The cries of distress which are going up from party treasurers to-day need disturb no patriotic citizen. It is well that campaign committees should be compelled, like the rest of us, to economize. They have too long had too much money, and set up a scale of expenditure both lavish and demoralizing. If they are now forced by poverty to cut off an army of parasites and frauds who have in previous years fastened themselves like leeches upon the party treasury; to give up subsidizing useless orators at $1,000 a week; to leave off paying the honest farmer "for his time"; to make their headquarters less glittering and their private cars and special trains less numerous, the effect will be salutary for them and for the country, too.

Such limitation, together with the publicity of campaign expenditures, means a genuine reform. So does the increased sensitiveness about the alliance between business and politics for mutual but dishonest profit. The sudden zeal of Republicans against Standard Oil associations may yet lead to a dislike openly to be dictated to by interests that are equally corrupt and equally tyrannous, though they call themselves simply the protected classes. All this is well; but no one with his eyes open can fail to see that the movement has been accompanied by a tremendous amount of hysteria and outright hypocrisy. The process of proscription is not unlike that which raged in the French Revolution. Now, as then, it is enough to point out a man as "an aristocrat" in order to raise a cry that he be hurried to the political guillotine. Thus the President's rash citation of one Standard Oil attorney as a supporter of Bryan, has already led to the discovery that the lawyer in charge of the Republican headquarters at Chicago has also taken a retainer from the Standard Oil. Of course, that proves him a scoundrel. Against even Senator Crane, a prominent Republican leader in Ohio has lifted up his voice, wanting to know how the labor vote

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can possibly be secured for Taft if a mas as rich as Mr. Crane is allowed to have anything to do with the campaign.

This is neither reform nor common sense. It is an excess of madness. The passions of the have-nots have been stirred by Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Hearst, and if these passions now direct themselves furiously against the chosen assistants of Mr. Taft—men like Mr. Sheldon, William Nelson Cromwell, and Senator Crane—that is only to be expected. We hear much of the unscrupulous corruptionist, but the unscrupulous reformer is almost as terrible a being. By his loud condemnation of others for what he does freely himself, by his indiscriminate attacks upon opponents and his unwinking defence of supporters, he necessarily gives reform an aspect of hypocrisy. That leads to such follies as we now see, when men of upright life are in danger of being ostracised merely because they have money, and the theory is soberly advanced that the rulers in a government touching property at a thousand points must take no advice from any man having property!

REVISING THE TARIFF UP.

Mr. Taft's remark that on some articles "the tariff should be raised" was received with derision even in quarters not unfriendly to the Republican party and the policy of protection. But those words, absurd as they seem, were evidenly a sop to the stalwart band of protectionists who intend that when the tariff is revised, the general result shall be to increase rather than to lower the duties. This is the inference we draw from several articles in the September issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*—and particularly from a contribution by Col. Albert Clarke, secretary of the Home Market Club. Substantially all of this number is devoted to tariff revision. D. M. Parry, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, discusses "Tariff Revision a Public Necessity"; A. B. Farquhar of York, Pa., answers the question, "What Ought the Tariff Rates to be on Iron and Steel Manufactures?" and A. August Healy, vice-president of the United States Leather Company, treats "Hides, Leather, Boots and Shoes, and the Tariff." There are twenty papers in all, presenting as many different phases of the subject.

Mr. Parry, for example, wants "an honest protective policy," and he argues that "many of the duties in the present tariff" can be "pruned without doing violence to the protective principle." He thinks, for example, that to tax raw materials is "a senseless policy." Mr. Farquhar is more specific; he analyzes the cost of producing pig-iron and certain steel products here and in England. He would, in the first place, bring in the ores free. He also adds:

> Supposing pig iron admitted free of duty, without another change in the tariff, the evidence that it would continue to be produced in the country at a price from $2 to $4 lower than at present, to an amount never equalled here until 1901 (that is, more than half the present production), and without serious inconvenience to the laborers of the country, amounts to complete demonstration. . . . Since for twenty years the cost of manufacture has been less in Pittsburgh than anywhere on the globe, there would be no harm in putting steel rails on the free list.

Mr. Healy begins:

> As at present conducted, tanning hides into leather and manufacturing leather into boots and shoes are separate industries, but for the purposes of this article they may be considered as one. Together they form a very great industry. There is none in the United States which is naturally more capable of successful development. There is none which has been more impeded by the tariff. This great industry now calls loudly for a reduction of the tariff. Especially does it call for the abolition of the duty of 15 per cent. imposed on hides by the Dingley tariff of 1897.

The most striking thing in the volume is, however, the collection of arguments against lowering the tariff. Charles W. Asbury, president of the American Hardware Manufacturers' Association, asserts that "the existing rates are not materially higher than they should be if fair, reasonable, and equitable protection is to be given to the [hardware] industries and their employees." Chester W. Lyman, assistant to the president of the International Paper Company, hopes that Congress will "deal with the revision of the paper schedules in a liberal and reassuring manner." He is opposed to taking the tax off wood-pulp, and he argues that it is not a serious burden on the newspapers. For the sake of maintaining such a benevolent institution as the International Paper Company the newspapers, he apparently thinks, should be willing to stand part of the loss, and then pass the rest along to the subscriber and advertiser: "Less than 7 per cent. increase in rates [for advertising] . . . would compensate for the extra bills for paper." He closes with this eloquent and logical peroration:

> But, even if we could not have newspapers of the present size, style, and price without driving out our paper industry; which alternative would be best for the country—a larger wage-fund, or smaller papers? As Kipling says: "We must help the people to live before we help them to learn."

But Mr. Asbury and Mr. Lyman are only half-hearted "stand-patters." They speak as if trade with foreign countries might under conceivable circumstances be of value to us. What we admire is the gusto with which John P. Young of the San Francisco *Chronicle* and Col. Albert Clarke "go the whole hog." Mr. Young discourses of "Waste in External Trade in General and with the Orient in Particular." He tells us roundly that "external trade is a source of tremendous waste" of our natural resources; and a lowering of the tariff with a view to increasing our markets abroad is therefore highly undesirable. The same idea seems to be implicit in the view of Col. Clarke. Asked what tariff schedules should be changed, he fills three pages with a tabular list showing the "competing imports which have increased" between 1900 and 1907. These figures, Col. Clarke naïvely tells us, show on the face of it that "the duties are far from prohibitory, and that in some cases they are not adequately protective." Moreover, he has "asked one thousand manufacturers and merchants what tariff changes the experience of their own business suggests." "A few" have "in general terms recommended reduction all along the line"; but "many particularize and in most cases show the present duties should be increased," or that the classification should be changed, or "that customs regulations should be modified so as to effectuate and not defeat the law." He concludes, then, that "if the facts do not justify reduction, but call for increase, the party must have 'the courage of its convictions.'"

That every effort will be made to impart such "courage" when the moment comes is already plain. The "many" merchants and manufacturers of whom Col. Clarke has been inquiring are busy. Mr. Taft's utterances on the tariff are growing more and more guarded as the campaign proceeds. Two years ago he

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spoke out unequivocally for reduction, but lately he has been engaged in telling us into what dreadful woe the Wilson tariff plunged the country; and the drift of his talk is that tariff revision is a subject to be handled very gingerly. The bourbons seem to have got his ear. Under these circumstances, Bryan, had he a record as a consistent and determined opponent of high duties would capture many votes of tariff reformers. But he is busy cursing the corporations, replying to President Roosevelt, and talking nonsense about the guarantee of bank deposits. No wonder that the "standpatters" are cheerful and aggressive.

LIBRARIES FOR USE.

Not long ago a distinguished scholar from Berlin, while being shown the wonders of New York, was taken up to the Columbia University Library, and there invited to draw any book he chose. Even unto this day, it is said, the worthy man suspects that he was the victim of a clever Yankee trick; for was not the volume he selected placed in his hands less than a minute after he had found its shelf-number in the card catalogue? The professor was not morbidly incredulous; he was simply a German. To comprehend his amazement and doubts, one needs only a few days' experience with Old-World libraries and stack-rooms. More awe-inspiring than the Pyramids and the Sphinx is the system of any large German library, excepting perhaps the reorganized part of the Royal Library at Berlin. Nothing is lacking to produce the effect: the Pyramids are there in books, and the Sphinx in the guise of speechless, millennial-old bureaucrats, who shuffle about the place in felt slippers, staring resentfully at intruders who would disturb the book-worms in dusty manuscripts. All the mystery of Gizeh and all the supreme indifference to lapsing hours are there. Let the American scholar who writes on German university libraries in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* furnish some details.

As for mystery, the buildings themselves are constructed like labyrinths and locked up like prisons:

> There is an outer door, an inner door, a vestibule door, a door to the loan room, a door to the vestibule of the reading-room, a door to the reading-room itself, a door to the catalogue room, and so on; and all are closed. Every uninitiated mortal must ask himself: "May I go in there at all?" "Is the place a fortress?"

As if this were not enough to make the visitor in search of a book feel like Theseus after the Minotaur and shiver apprehensively at every dark turn in the passageway, access to the library catalogue is forbidden! Sometimes, to be sure, the topical catalogue is open to the public; but the main alphabetical one remains under lock and key. "And why?" asks the American. "Because," retorts a *Herr Bibliothekar* in Bavaria, "otherwise the catalogue would be worn out by use!" Up in Prussia the mystery is made refined by the following diabolical craft:

> I wish to look up an important tax reform in which Germany leads the world. . . . I was allowed—probably by courteous waiving of rules—to consult the systematic catalogue. There the whole classification was in Latin. . . . After a vain search, I applied to the librarian, who could not say at the moment under which head my topic was entered. Probably it was not there at all. The old Romans knew nothing of the tax, hence had no name for it!

The typical Continental library blinks at the centuries. Time means nothing to him who dispenses and him who awaits books there. Slips must be handed in the day before volumes are wished, or sometimes early in the morning of the same day. Books are sought on the shelves, not by a staff of spry, bright boys or girls, but by two or three tottering old periwigs. Frequently a line of twenty would-be readers stands a full hour waiting for some message from the disarranged stacks. Germany is not the only land where chaos mocks the foolish man who seeks any little-used volume. What the Bodleian and what some dark territories in the National Library at Paris are, more than one heart-sick American has narrated.

A correspondent depicts, in the *Westminster Gazette*, the situation at Trinity College, Dublin, and the Irish National Library, in words which apply, with scarcely an erasure, to a hundred other places:

> The current of intellectual life in Dublin is big enough to create a cyclone in T. C. D. Library, if it could find its way in. But, of course, it cannot. The staff and the reading-room accommodation are both severely tried by the needs of the university alone, and there is practically no room for outsiders. . . . In the National Library of Ireland . . . the available space is sometimes so crowded that one may see readers perched on ladders around the reading room, or two sharing a single chair.

We cannot accept the stock excuse that Europeans are too poor to install American improvements. This has force only in answer to complaints about the wretched catalogues, which cannot be replaced save at considerable expense, and about the ramshackle fire-traps in which priceless manuscripts and records are stored. To facilitate the distribution and local use of books, only a little thought and a few dollars are necessary; segregation of commonly used works, a staff of stack-room boys, a public catalogue, and a few more desks and chairs for visitors will multiply the usefulness of the institution tenfold. That this has not been accomplished, after so many years of American example, suggests that the mediæval conception of a book, as a treasure to be guarded like a rare papyrus from the earliest dynasty, is still prevalent. Doubtless there is some reason in this superstition. Guardians of hidden wealth may well resist the modern idea that an ordinary book, like a locomotive, is to be used, and used until worn out, and then consigned to the junk heap. But this is simply a good reason, either for retiring these good old gentlemen, or else for placing the shelves of day-to-day books under separate management. It is plain, however, that Europeans are not quite ready to construe the fact thus, even though many of them bewail the absurdities of their libraries. Bibliolatry still prevails. The library is something between a temple and a museum. Small wonder that the learned in Europe are an aristocracy and close corporation! They are the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic of Letters who have fought their way to books.

HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITIES.

Though the American high school may have failed to equip its pupils for voyaging in unknown seas, it can at least boast of having taught them the beaten ways of men. To this fact high-school athletics, high-school dances, high-school social clubs, bear witness; but most strikingly the high-school fraternity. Its practices reproduce adult life so faithfully that school authorities find conventional rules of pedagogy inapplicable to its members. The young gentlemen have their club-rooms, their smokers, their theatre parties, and, when

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threatened, their press agents and attorneys. Judges must interrupt the calendar to listen; and once the United States Supreme Court was called upon to define the Inalienable and Alienable Rights of Boy. The decade-old war is renewed every September. This autumn the Chicago Board of Education opened the campaign with an order that "frats" must go. In reply the persecuted, from Alpha to Omega, held high jinks in their clubhouses, while fond parents paid the lawyers. Were it not for the perversity among children, the blundering of educators, and the parental incompetence here brought to light, the affair would be flawless comedy.

With a few exceptions, high-school teachers and their superiors have wofully mismanaged their case. Their conviction that the secret society is inherently evil has a sound basis in fact. For the college man, living away from home, a fraternity has a certain usefulness wholly lacking in the case of his younger brother at the preparatory school. If the imitation of college manners went no farther than the founding of a club with mysterious title and rites, the high-school child might be humored in this performance; but, so long as he is left to his own devices, his immaturity leads him straight into apish extravagances injurious to himself, his parents, and the school. Strange oaths, Druidic ceremonies, and gold pins suffice not; a house, or at worst an apartment, must be leased, furnished, and made cozy with pictures, banners, and piano. Then, of course, the "frat" must demonstrate its power and general superiority before the world; its members must secure school offices, break athletic records, set a new high-water mark for lavish entertainment and worldly wisdom. The results have often been described at educational gatherings—"early sophistication," snobbishness, factional bitterness, dissipation, neglect of studies, and breakdown of school discipline. There is no mere pedagogical austerity in the complaint teachers raise against all these monkey-shines. But it is foolish to attempt to end the nuisance by declaring violent war upon the "frat," with solemn manifesto, board meetings, and elaborate police measures. The whole procedure only goes to show that the miles and miles of theses and text-books on child psychology and pedagogy have set no sign-posts for the teacher who would handle live boys and girls.

After all, be his trousers ever so well creased, the high school boy is brother to the hoodlum whom a pursuing policeman makes heroic and a ride in the patrol wagon a demi-god. To forestall this dangerous notoriety of the street boy, we have established children's courts. Is not equal diplomacy called for in the high school? Principals bewail their inability to crush the fraternities even by wholesale expulsions and rigid standards of scholarship. As well complain that a man cannot be starved, even by giving him food and drink. Boy life is all the sweeter when at war with the state; one's ingenuity is tickled by midnight councils, where ways and means of baffling the authorities are devised, and the envious glances of the classroom pay fat dividends on lost sleep. Deplore the crudity of American youth as you may; you must still reckon with it, while it lasts. If publicity and "persecution" merely strengthen juvenile resistance, plainly different tactics are in order. Assistance from home should be more generally sought; for the responsibility of fathers and mothers for the excesses of their children is obvious. Without funds, the "frat" dwindles to an ordinary boys' clique; without permission to stay out late of nights, and to waste study hours, the high school youth must console himself with more innocent pleasures. To bring about such results, shrewd principals are trying to instruct parents in the wisdom of controlling their children with some regard for the welfare of these children and their schoolmates. Where this has been accomplished, the "frat" has become not only harmless, but even a welcome substitute for the "gang." In a few schools, it has been converted into a sort of Phi Beta Kappa, with membership based upon character and scholarship.

That this happy outcome is still so rare is not the fault of teachers alone. Americans are prejudiced in favor of the let-alone method of home training. False ideas about manliness and social distinction teem in many a mother's brain. The disposition is still strong among adults to regard teachers as the natural enemies of youth. Children must not be thwarted, and, anyhow, it takes too much time to regulate their lives. Let them do anything they choose, so long as they do not interfere with father's business and the afternoon teas. This muddle of loose, selfish philosophy in the family lies between more than one teacher and the regenerated high school of his dreams. More than any other one thing, it makes the fraternity and the "early sophistication" of high school pupils generally so serious a problem.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH AND VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

I.

Anybody to-day into whose hands a few documents have fallen can write biography, forgetful in his haste that "easy writing's curst hard reading." Indeed, you cannot follow the tide of Lives turned out by the press without feeling that now in earnest the Philistines be upon us, and, with the memory fresh in mind of what has happened to Lafcadio Hearn, one shudders to think of the result if Aldrich had been surrendered to a Mrs. Bisland or a Dr. Gould. Here, above all, delicacy and reticence (not concealment, for there is little or nothing to conceal) were necessary, and, fortunately, it is just these qualities that Mr. Greenslet has brought to his work*, together with a skill in words that reproduces something of the charm of one who made refinement the end of all his labor. Mr. Greenslet knows when to stop. He tells just enough of the child's surroundings at Portsmouth; he finds the right note of emphasis for the half-hearted association of the clerk and youthful editor in New York with that sad Bohemian band before the war, out of which Poe escaped by wine and opium, and from which Whitman was saved only by his phlegmatic egotism; he follows the man sympathetically through his Boston years of prosperous toil and golden ease, to the honored close. It is a happy life gracefully told.

If Mr. Greenslet fails to satisfy us anywhere, it is in the last chapter, in which he sums up his criticism of Aldrich's writings. What he says is good and sound, but somehow it is not quite sufficient; it lacks the last transmuting touch; he quotes, but does not take to heart his author's lines:

> To the sea-shell's spiral round
> 'Tis your heart that brings the sound;
> The soft sea-murmurs that you hear
> Within, are captured from your ear.
>
> You do poets and their song
> A grievous wrong,
> If your own soul does not bring
> To their high imagining
> As much beauty as they sing.

That is more than should be asked of any reader, no doubt; but at least one

**The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* By Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3 net.

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may demand of the critic a fuller use of his own high imaginative right by which he lifts the melody of the poet out of its isolation and gives it a place in the music of time.

How much more might be said, which Mr. Greenslet could say so delightfully, about that little volume of "Songs and Sonnets"* selected by Mr. Aldrich himself from the body of his work and published in honor of his seventieth birthday. These catches of "short-breathed music, dying on the tongue," we call *vers de société*, perhaps, having no better name for them. There is, in fact, something in that phrase that reminds one rather of the glittering, tableau verses of Austin Dobson than of Mr. Aldrich's reticent grace, and I could almost wish we had adopted the phrase "Gentle Verse" suggested by Miss Carolyn Wells in her "Vers de Société Anthology," using the word gentle as Coleridge and Lionel Johnson have applied it to Charles Lamb, or as signifying that which is "innately fine, polished by the experience and sophistication of truly good society."

II.

But by whatever name we call them, we should not suppose that these fragile verses of Mr. Aldrich's were mated carelessly or without thought of the greater destinies of a beautiful accomplishment:

Enamored architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt, heed not what each man says;
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish—take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

This art in miniature, of which Mr. Aldrich's "Songs and Sonnets" are the final flower, is not, in fact, a new thing to be thrown off by any untaught hand; beside the tradition of the larger art it has its own long and sacred history. From the time when some monk, it may be, in the decline of Greek letters, gave to his swallow-like trochaics of love and wine the magic name of Anacreon this new muse of wanton wisdom has had a place with the graver sisters of the nine. Perhaps there is too much of wantonness and too little of wisdom in the "Anacreontica" to afford the model we are seeking; they lack the background of seriousness that is always felt in the finest *vers de société*. Yet the picture of this old man, crowned with flowers and crying the pains and pleasures of youth, took a strange hold of the fancy of later poets, and his mischievous boy Eros has had a sly knack of slipping into the minds of passionate singers who should have invoked only the sterner god, known and worshipped by the ancient true Anacreon.

There is seriousness and to spare in the Greek "Anthology," if we open its heart, and here, if anywhere, has been the inexhaustible source from which our rhymers have drawn their hippocrene. But still the tone is not tempered to just the mood for our present purpose. Almost too insistently the might and tragic glory of Greece weigh on the mind as we read these deliberate efforts to hide its grave with flowers; whether by a trick of fancy or not, too poignantly almost we feel that the end of that world is terribly near at hand. These brief epigrams, as they are called, were written to pass from mouth to mouth during the banquet hour, or, at least, took their mode from that norm. Into the heart that began to doubt of wine and love they were designed to bring the epicurean zest that follows the intruding thought of universal transience. Some trace of that shadow may always, no doubt, be detected in the eyes of our *Musa philommeides*, even when she visits our New England clime:

Ho, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses!—
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

That is also in the "Anthology," that and something more. It is not only the Egyptian death-masque among the feasters to crowd their pleasure, but, sitting with them, one seems to hear, amid the pauses of their singing, from afar off, muffled by the windings of many streets, the engines of the enemy beating at the city gates. The banquet hall is in a beleaguered town, the barbarians are beneath the walls, and the guests cling to one another in friendship, and to "the fair things of Hellas," their inheritance now about to be scattered and trodden under foot. It is the consummation of Greece one sings in the epigram best known to us in its Latin version, *Spes et Fortuna valete:*

To Hope farewell, and Fortune; having found the port
I leave you; others now shall be your sport.

III.

The Romans also had their votaries of this Muse, greater names in this kind than Greece could count. Catullus, the lover of Lesbia, has, indeed, accomplished all that is possible in bestowing upon passion a graceful ease. No one has surpassed his song of the kisses, the *basia mille, deinde centum, dein mille altera*, with its solemn reminder:

So may we live and love, till life be out,
And let the graybeards wag and flout.
Yon failing sun shall rise another morn,
And the thin moon round out her horn;
But we, when once we lose our waning light,—
Ah, Love, the long unbroken night!

Or, if this seem too directly pathetic for our class, there is the inimitable song to Lesbia's sparrow, which so many poets have tried so bravely to imitate. And yet withal Catullus was too swift and too energetic to belong wholly, or even primarily, within the circle we are trying to draw. He who walked in the terrible company of Cæsar and Mamurra, of Clodius and his sister the *quadrantaria*, may have dallied with the day; but under his fine linen might be felt the surface of steel, and in his hand he carried a dagger, and not a lily.

Despite his inferiority as a poet, perhaps in part because of his lesser force, Martial is really nearer at times to our model than Catullus. Here is the note of tenderness for little, broken things, for young children whom neither their loveliness nor their prattling eloquence could save from death—*mollia non rigidus cæspes tegat ossa:*

Soft lie the sod above her; lightly rest,
O earth, on one who lightly touched thy breast.

But here, again, we are deterred from accepting this later singer as our type, if only for the filth and sordidness that choke his pages. His rarer notes of beauty are like iridescent bubbles floating on a turbid and foul stream; we fear to touch them lest they burst and soil our hands.

IV.

Nevertheless, in these poets are the sources of the kind we are trying to distinguish. Their influence extends to England with the Renaissance, and is never forgotten. The Caroline poets, Suckling and Carew, and the others, knew it; Herrick felt it, and wrote his "Hesperides" under the spell. But somehow they failed to put the shadows in their pictures as well as the lights, or, rather, they left out the moral element too completely; they belong too much to the school of the "Anacreontica" and too little to that of the "Anthology." The real *vers de société*—they can scarcely here be called Gentle Verse—came in with the wits of Queen Anne; and for the better part of a century Prior's lines

*A Book of Songs and Sonnets. Selected from the Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: The Riverside Press. 1906. $5 net. Only 430 copies of this book, exquisite in form and contents, were printed. It will be a prize for future collectors.

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to Chloe and Clorinda and the other nymphs of London, and Pope's "Rape of the Lock," were admired as the very mirror of a society in which good taste was finally codified. Well, it may be unjust, but I, for one, cannot read the lightest and prettiest of those verses without remembering the satyrlike advice of Rochester to his Cælias and Corinnas, or the brutal coarseness of Swift's Strephon and Chloe. The background of that graceful diversion is not the kindly illusion we are seeking, but a cruel cynicism; the drop of bitter is hatred and not regret.

If any one in that age caught the tone of Gentle Verse, it was the learned, awkward, absent-minded, pious usher of Westminster school, Vincent Bourne, whose Latin poems Cowper placed above those of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ausonius, and not below those of Ovid. Perhaps, it is his very use of Latin that makes him so perfect a master in the kind. There is in that cunning union of ancient words with modern ideas, in that wedding of the speech of the schools with the politeness of the man of the world, a something that tantalizes the reader like a half-seen, half-vanishing face. One feels this here and there in the lines which Bourne has turned into Latin from Prior and the other singers of Chloe; One feels it still more strongly in the translations of his own poems into English. Cowper, if any one, was fitted to catch the charm of his fables, but "The Jackdaw" and "The Cricket" miss just the piquant meeting of gravity and levity that mark the "Cornicula" and "Ad Grillum." Lamb, too, has tried his hand and almost succeeded. In the "Epitaph on a Dog" especially he was able to match Vincent with his own experience of the humors and pathos of the London streets, but his verses still lack the Virgilian echo that sighs through the "Epitaphium." Read the close of the two poems together:

These were my manners, this my way of life,
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus rear'd . . .

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senecta,
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit. . . .

The very essence of Gentle Verse is in that Virgilian *dum fata sinebant* applied to a blind beggar and his dog; and Lamb has omitted it.

V.

But it is time to hasten on. There is not room even for the names of the poets of the later nineteenth century, Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, Frederick Locker-Lampson, and a host of other Englishmen and Americans, who have written in this vein. As a rule, their work has just missed the mark, because their intention was too evident. One seems to hear them say: Come, now, we will sit down and compose *vers de société*. And almost always they use the modes of the past as a kind of masquerade, so that their scenes may fall into neat artificial tableaux. From these, however, and from the earlier poets one begins to see the limitations and possibilities of the kind. Its essence lies in irony—not the grim sort we know from the tragedians and satirists, but a self-deprecating irony that half deliberately hides its strength in gentleness. Reticence, suggestion, and accepted littleness are its indispensable qualities. The regret of an imaginative past will linger in it, but its themes are of the immediate present. It must have its root in deep emotion, but its manner is rather of one who sees passion in another than feels himself. It is touched by the brevity and insufficiency of life, but has no grief more clamorous than a sigh. It knows the deception of the world, but harbors pity and not cynicism. It employs the most elaborate polish of art, but affects a careless spontaneity.

And these are the marks that distinguish the little book of "Songs and Sonnets" as, in its own field, one of the most precious things in English. Aldrich wrote a good deal in the course of his life—novels, which have the thin-blooded amateurishness of the older New England fiction; other prose, like the "Ponkapog Papers," too finely woven to endure harsh handling; long poems and plays, beautifully devised but lacking in human nature. His chief title to genius is the inerrant taste with which he has after many trials beaten out a few lyrics into perfect form, and set them apart from the rest of his work. Their veil of reticence is their beauty. To read them is as if one sat alone in a city park, when the mist of twilight was falling, and beheld a company of fair women pass homeward—magically fair in the glimmering dusk. So, in his verse, the atmosphere is that which divides the day and the night, and the two worlds, meeting together, create an illusion of impalpable loveliness:

Forever am I conscious, moving here,
That should I step a little space aside
I pass the boundary of some glorified
Invisible domain—it lies so near.

He deals with the old themes in the old way, but with his own delicacy of touch—grave antiquity coloring a whimsical sentiment of the present, as in the "Intaglio Head of Minerva"; death hovering between terror and idle fancy, as in "Identity"; the mockery of human fates turned into pity and wonder, as in "Destiny"; love caught between dream and passion, as in "Latakia"; and nature—

These winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will shape when summer comes again—
Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings . . . By and by
(I in my leafy garden as of old).
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

Even beauty itself, which poets are fond of magnifying as a great and awful power pervading the world, he will reduce by the delicate wand of irony to the least and most ephemeral form:

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

In that exquisite and pathetic deminution, I take it, lies the secret of what is called *vers de société* or Gentle Verse. And many a lover of this lesser muse will hold in memory the falling petals of these "Songs and Sonnets" long after he has forgotten more ambitious things.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Volume XXII. of J. H. Slater's annual record of English sales at auction, "Book-Prices Current," has just been published (London: Elliot Stock). The period covered is from October, 1907, to July, 1908; and the number of lots reported is 9,500, whereas recent issues have averaged about 6,500 lots. This increase does not indicate that the season has been of exceptional importance, but only that a larger selection has been reported. Heretofore no lot selling below one pound has been noticed, but Mr. Slater says: "The old hard and fast rule of noticing only those which realize 20s. or over has been finally broken down, and is not likely to be resorted to again." And he adds: "Every book sold is now considered on its merits, and inserted or not according to its importance or the infrequency of its occurrence." Four lots only during the season brought more than £1,000: "The Golden Legende," printed by Caxton, 1483, £1,300; a block book, the "Biblia Pauperum," printed probably by Roger of Bruges, £1,290; Earl Howe's copy of the First Folio Shakespeare, £2,025; and Mrs. Piozzi's manuscript "Thraliana," £2,050. Forty-nine lots brought £100 or over. Of these eighteen were Shakespeareana, and twenty-three were manuscripts. The index

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to Vols. XI. to XX. of "Book-Prices Current" is announced for publication soon.

The fourth and concluding part of Vol. V. of Frank Karslake's "Book-Auction Records," from June 29 to July 31, is just issued. The entire volume includes records on 15,019 items. The editor promises in future to give the lot number in the auctioneer's catalogue—the plan always followed by Mr. Slater.

The record of American sales, "American Book-Prices Current," Vol. XIV., is expected in October, a month, at least, earlier than last year.

A fine copy of that very rare book the Boston edition of W. Hubbard's "A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," 1677, is the gem of the library of the late Joseph Willard, which is to be sold by C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, October 13-16. This copy contains the original "map of New England, being the first that ever was here cut," known as the "White Hills" map. This map was reengraved for the English edition published in London later in the same year. That later copy, from the altered designation of the White Mountains, is known as the "Wine Hills" map. The Willard copy seems to be without the election sermon by Hubbard, "The Happiness of a People in the Wisdom of their Rulers," 1676, which is usually bound in at the end. The manuscript journal and orderly book of Capt. Abijah Willard, of the Second Battalion of Governor Shirley's Provincial Regiment in Nova Scotia in 1755, 289 pages, small quarto, is another important item in the same sale. It extends from April 9, 1755, to January 5, 1756, and is of especial interest as it contains a contemporaneous account of the carrying off of the Acadians, which forms the theme of Longfellow's "Evangeline." The following is a portion of the entry for August 16, 1755:

Aboute 3 o'clock this afternoon I ordered the whole to be Drewd up in a Body and bid the french men march off and sott fire to their Buildings and Left the women and children to Tack Care of themselves with great Lamentations which I must confess itt seemed to be something shoking. I march on aboute 3 miles to an old frenchmans house where had Lived Ever since anopilis was Taken and Lodged their this Night, and he Treated me very hansom but his wife Took on much att their Dificulty.

Another orderly book in the same sale is that of Captain Scott's company of the British Legion under the Rt. Hon. Lord Cathcart, dated at "Greenwich, near N. York, 1778," and extending from October 26 to November 24. It is a narrow octavo pocket note-book, with brass clasp. Several Revolutionary manuscript maps (some used by Gen. Henry Knox); an imperfect copy of Gorges's "America Painted to the Life," 1658; Ramusio's "Voyages," 1606-13, 3 vols.; and Torquemada's "Monarchia Indiana," 1723, 3 vols., are other valuable items.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER CLASSICAL PARALLEL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The rather more acrimonious than edifying correspondence between President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan recalls Aristophanes and "The Knights." Here is the passage:

Cleon (in a thundering tone)—Dogs and villains, you shall die.

Sausage Seller (in a louder, shriller tone)—Ay! I can scream ten times as high.

Cleon—I'll overbear ye, and out-bawl ye.

Sausage Seller—But's I'll out-scream ye, and out-squall ye. (Frere's translation, vv. 369-372.)

Alfales Young.

Salt Lake City, September 28.

THE PRESIDENT'S INTERFERENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can nothing be done to bring home to the President a realization of the harm that his persistent "butting into" the campaign may do Mr. Taft? In every circle of independent voters with which I am acquainted, the most of whom have intended either to vote for Taft or to refrain from voting for Bryan, the mutterings of discontent at the President's course have become outspoken voices of protest.

This discontent started with the feeling that no President should meddle with the nomination of his possible successor, much less should he take part in the campaign for the election of that successor; and it has spread in all directions since the beginning of the Hearst-Foraker-Haskell-Bryan-*et al.* affair—an affair in which Mr. Bryan comes out a long way from a discreditable position. The feeling engendered by the President's course is not only one of resentment that he should assume to influence, almost to dictate, where the people are the sole arbiters, and he but the executive officer of their will; but it is also one of disgust at the dragging of the person and the office of the President into a verbal fracas little better than is to be found in the commonest ward politics. I know personally of one vote that the President's course has turned from Taft to Bryan; and my friends, whose opportunity of observation is better than mine, say that this course is helping Bryan "right along." Taft may well pray, "From our foolish friends, good Lord deliver is." G. S. W.

Baltimore, October 1.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE ORIENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of September 17 you remarked:

We have denied them the essential qualifications for democracy because they are Orientals. . . . But concerning the immobility of the Orient we have been of late vastly enlightened. The East, after all, is human, and when elemental human needs come into conflict with absolute power, the latter will yield in the Orient as it does elsewhere.

If the Asiatic policies of European nations were based upon this understanding of Oriental people, civilization would have advanced farther than it has. Much of the so-called conflict between Eastern and Western civilizations has its origin in the fact that the European in the Orient never forgets to assume that Orientals are by nature inferior to the people of Europe. Before constitutional government was introduced into Japan, all Asiatic people were regarded as unfit for such a government. But when the Japanese demonstrated their ability to conduct a constitutional system, political theorists and imperial politicians of Europe recognized the Japanese capacity, but asserted that the case of Japan must be looked upon as exceptional. Even five years ago constitutionalism was thought impossible in Persia or Turkey. Now, however, when the people of Persia have shown their determination to protect their newly won Constitution, even at the cost of blood, a section, at least, of the West has begun to form rather favorable opinions about the Persians. There are persons who see in the present crisis in Persia nothing but Persian unfitness for popular government; but these gentlemen may simply be referred to French history. Then comes the startling news of the "peaceful revolution" of Turkey. The Young Turks by their masterly management of the revolution have won sincere admiration from the Western world, and constitutional government is now believed possible in the Turkish empire. Not long ago Islam was considered to be the most conservative, nay, reactionary, force in Asia. Now, however, when the venerable judge of the Sacred Law, from his august seat in Constantinople, has declared that reformation of social and governmental evils is not contrary to the teachings of the Prophet, and when the Moslem, the Christian, and the Jew are embracing each other in the land of Osman, newspapers of the West have begun to write about "Modernism in Islam." So far so good.

But in some quarters of the Orient the West is asked to be logical. The joint scheme of Great Britain and Russia for introducing reforms in Macedonia has been abandoned in view of the new régime in Turkey. His Majesty King Edward sent personal congratulations to his Majesty the Sultan of Turkey for granting a Constitution to the Turkish people. The President of the United States sent a congratulatory message to a recent meeting of the Young Turks in New York and another to his Majesty the Sultan. The press dispatches report that the British and Russian governments have presented a joint note to the Shah, urging him to carry out his promise to convene another national Assembly. These facts, rightly interpreted, mean that both King Edward and President Roosevelt believe that popular government is suitable for Turkey, and that King Edward believes that such government is suitable for Persia also. In other words, the traditional belief of the West that popular government is fundamentally incompatible with Oriental conditions is not shared in by the two most advanced governments of the world, Great Britain and the United States. Now the question is: Are these governments always consistent in their convictions and policies? By inaugurating a popular government in the Philippines the United States has proved such consistency. But what about Great Britain? If the British government believes that the Ottoman Empire, with all its racial, religious, and social problems, is fitted for a popular government, why is it refusing such a boon to India? The racial, religious, and social problems of India are not more complex than those of Turkey. Why, then, are Indians who advocate a popular government in India proscribed as "agitators," "visionaries," and "disturbers of peace"? The Indian subjects of King Edward are not inferior to the subjects of the Sultan in educational or moral elevation. Why, then, did Viscount Morley, the British Sec-

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retary for India, proclaim the other day that democracy is as unsuited to Indian temperament as a Canadian fur coat to Indian climate? The noble lord cannot yet conceive a time when some sort of autocracy will not be needed in India. Is this consistency? Yes, here it will be said that India has the caste system. But did caste system ever influence governmental policy in India more than feudalism did in Europe? And has caste system any influence in the constitution and organization of the Indian National Congress, which to-day represents the political aspirations of the Indian people?

Let us, however, pass over India. What about Egypt? Has Egypt any caste system? Has Egypt any such racial and religious problems as the Ottoman Empire? (We consider Egypt as virtually separated from Turkey.) Or are the Egyptians less enlightened than the Turks? If the Ottoman Empire is fitted for a popular government, why not Egypt? Will the British government be logical and consistent? We wait. We shall see. SATIS CH. BASU.

Lincoln, Neb., September 26.

"LE NOUVEAU CYNÉE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last June I found that the Harvard University Library possessed a copy of "Le Nouveau Cynée" of Émeric Crucé, Paris, 1623. This copy, which belonged to Charles Sumner, went after his death to Harvard with the rest of his library. The book is of particular interest, for in it the author proposed the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitration such as the present Hague Court is. He was also in favor of religious toleration and other good things. There is a copy in the Paris Library which was deposited there, probably at the time the volume was printed. Sumner never knew the author's real name, for it was not discovered until 1890 by Judge Nys. Doubtless there are some other copies of this rare book in some of the libraries of the Old World.

THOMAS WILLING BALCH.

Philadelphia, October 1.

AN ARABIC MANUSCRIPT OF "ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may, perhaps, interest some of your readers that Galland's story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," has at last been found in an Arabic form. The strange thing is that it should not have turned up long ago, as it forms part of a manuscript which has been in the Bodleian since 1860, when it was bought from the Paris bookseller, A. Franck, for eight shillings. There it seems to have lain unnoticed until I came upon it by accident, a couple of weeks ago. The manuscript is a small octavo written in quite a modern hand, and containing two stories only. The first is the "Story of Harun ar-Rashid and the Daughter of the Kisrà." Then, on folio 45, "Ali Baba" begins in the same hand, but on a slightly different paper. Only the first story has a non-Arabic title—in Latin—which may, perhaps, explain how "Ali Baba" was not recognized sooner.

Of course, the questions of the origin of this text and of its relation to Galland's version still remain, and can only be settled after publication of the whole. That I hope to do soon from a photograph which is now being taken for me. The stories are not divided into nights, nor is there any indication that they are regarded as part of the "Nights."

Another point as to the "Nights" may also be of interest. In the summer of last year I had an opportunity of examining the Arabic manuscripts on which Habicht's edition of the "Nights" was founded. From that examination it was perfectly plain that there was no such thing *in rerum natura* as a Tunisian recension of the "Nights," nor even a Tunisian manuscript; that Habicht had no continuous manuscript of the "Nights" at all; and that he only built up a recension out of fragments, arranging and dividing to suit himself. He was thus the creator of a new recension, and not the editor of one already existing. This I hope to prove elsewhere with a full description of Habicht's sources.

DUNCAN B. MACDONALD.

Hartford, Conn., October 1.

POE AND HAZLITT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof James Albert Harrison, in his "Life of Poe" (p. 86), quotes from an article by T. H. Gibson, in *Harper's Magazine*, November, 1867, the following:

> The first conversation I had with Poe after we became installed as room-mates [at West Point, 1830], was characteristic of the man. A volume of Campbell's Poems was lying upon our table, and he tossed it contemptuously aside, with the curt remark: "Campbell is a plagiarist"; then, without waiting for a reply, he picked up the book, and turned the leaves over rapidly until he found the passage he was looking for.
>
> "There," said he, "is a line more often quoted than any other passage of his: 'Like angel visits, few and far between,' and he stole it bodily from Blair's 'Grave.' Not satisfied with the theft, he has spoiled it in the effort to disguise it. Blair wrote: 'Like angel visits *short* and far between.' Campbell's 'Few and far between' is mere tautology."

This may have been "characteristic of the man," but the criticism was not original with Poe. In Hazlitt's "English Poets" (1818) occurs the following (Bohn Library Edition, p. 199): "His [Campbell's] fine things are,

> Like angels' visits, few, and far between."

A footnote by Hazlitt adds:

> There is the same idea in Blair's "Grave":
>
> Its visits,
> Like those of angels, short, and far between.

Mr. Campbell, in altering the expression, has spoiled it. "Few" and "far between" are the same thing.

And the editor comments: "Campbell never forgave the author this exposure of his plagiarism."

Perhaps Poe had not read Hazlitt's essay, but the chances are against this supposition, for Hazlitt's temperament would have been especially congenial to the author of "The Raven": both were brilliant and misanthropic, both possessed extraordinary insight, but lacked system, and were impatient of restraint. Add the fact that Hazlitt's volume had been in print twelve years, and it becomes extremely probable that the American was himself guilty of plagiarism in this instance—the more so since the charge has been proved against him in other instances. Hazlitt's light has illumined many a thankless follower, though it is good to remember that at least one appreciator, Robert Louis Stevenson, generously expressed his indebtedness in the words: "We are mighty fine fellows, but we can't write like William Hazlitt."

HARRY T. BAKER.

Beloit College, Beloit, Wis., September 22.

Notes.

From the monthly list of Longmans, Green, & Co. we mark the following books as almost ready to appear: "Old and Odd Memories," by the Hon. Lionel Tollemache; "Madame Elizabeth de France," by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott; "The Book of Winter Sports," by Edgar Syers; "On Safari," by Abel Chapman; "Woodsmen of the West," by M. Allerdale Grainger; "Chronicles of Service Life in Malta," by Mrs. Arthur Stuart; "In Old Ceylon," by Reginald Farrer; "Scottish Gardens," by Sir Herbert Maxwell; "The Book of Princes and Princesses," by Mrs. Andrew Lang; "Known to the Police," by Thomas Holmes; and "Design in Nature," by J. Bell Pettigrew.

The next group of books to come from G. P. Putnam's Sons will be "First and Last Things: A Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life," by H. G. Wells; "A Canyon Voyage," by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; and "The Lincoln Centennial Medal."

John Lane Company has about ready a new book by G. K. Chesterton, entitled "Orthodoxy." That acrobatic writer has already had his say on "Heretics." It will be interesting to know who are his orthodox.

As a timely work the Frank Allaben Genealogical Company of this city brings out the "Ancestry of William Howard Taft," being the first volume to appear in a series of Genealogical Miniatures edited by Mabel T. P. Washburn.

This month the Empire Publishing Company will bring out "The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint," by Walter M. Chandler. It will be in two volumes, the first dealing with the Hebrew trial before the Sanhedrin, the second with the Roman trials before Pontius Pilate and Herod.

The Oxford University Press will publish an index to the names and subjects in the forty-nine volumes of "The Sacred Books of the East." The work will be compiled by Prof. M. Winternitz.

The current number (Vol. VII. No. 2) of the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology* is largely a memorial to the founder, the late Gustaf E. Karsten. A memorial note by Prof. Otto E. Lessing is followed by eight of Dr. Karsten's addresses and unpublished papers, showing his breadth of interest and zeal in scholarship. From one of these we quote a single significant sentence. "Like the Greek φιλολογία, Philology refers not only to the form, but also to the content of the λόγος; it virtually means the whole history of the human mind, as it manifests itself in language documents of the past and present"—an interpretation that "is gaining ground in America." Surely a hopeful sign.

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The volumes of the New Mediæval Library (Duffield & Co.) vary widely in value. Of the two before us, one is wholly unworthy of the good paper and press work expended upon it. "The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Gimignano," now first translated, with introduction and notes, by M. Mansfield, is a most ordinary specimen of fourteenth-century hagiography. One may find the like, or better, in every Catholic community and in every European language. If we are to read the lives of the saints—and they well deserve study—let us take such as have at least the ethical charm of the church militant, in the days when to be a saint really meant something. Without burying ourselves in the catacombs of the "Acta Sanctorum," we may pass many profitable hours over the "Dialogues" of Gregory, or still better—over Bede's "Historia," Books iv. and v. By the side of Hild, abbess of Whitby, Fina of Gimignano is merely puerile.

The other volume, "The Babees' Book," done into modern English by Edith Rickert, is of very different calibre. It is a collection of treatises upon mediæval manners for the young, modernized from Dr. F. J. Furnivall's well known volumes in the Early English Text Society publications. The introduction, p. xii., tells us that the present modernization has been undertaken at the instance of Dr. Furnivall, who wished that the substance of his collections might be imparted to readers who have not time or inclination "to worry through antiquated English." The wishes of the doughty doctor are, of course, not to be lightly gainsaid. Yet we suspect that the reader who may have the patience to worry through antiquated manners might also have the patience to worry through an antiquated speech which is after all not so formidable. At all events Miss Rickert has done her work with tact and scholarship. One can learn much from the little volume. Thus, when Ascham, p. xx. note, complains of the wise men who have more care "to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children," we see the "Four Hundred" of England and America shaking hands across the centuries. In a few places we venture to correct or at least to supplement the editor's remarks. The assertion, for example, p. xxviii., that Greek was not taught in England before 1500, is too sweeping. It is true only of Greek in the Renaissance sense; for there are evidences that Greek was studied in England from the days of Augustine of Canterbury on. The note, p. 181, on "Edyllys be" is wide of the mark. The phrase means "a nobleman's ring;" "be" is the Old English "beag." The attribution of the origin of courtesy to the salutations of the angel Gabriel and Elizabeth to the Virgin, see pp. xiii., 16, and 182, is more evident from the Apocryphal gospels. Page 182, note upon p. 20, the phrase "in same" is likened to the German "zusammen;" rather say, German "insgesammt." The account, p. 188, of the editions of "How the Wise Man Taught His Son," overlooks the (exhaustive) edition by Fischer, 1889 (Erlanger Beiträge, No. 2). The line "Thereof thou must bethink thee *soon*," p. 79, is not a fair rendering of the original "Ther-to the nedys to take the tome." "Tome," Scandinavian "*tóm*," means "leisure," and the sense is: Take leisure for considering the situation. Our few strictures will not, we hope, create the impression of careless editing. On the contrary, the editor is well equipped and thoroughly conscientious, and her book is a dainty little treasure.

It is to be feared that Theron Wilber Haight will not succeed in his rather naïve hope of restoring Sylvester's "Divine Weeks" to common favor. The popularity of that translation of Du Bartas in Shakespeare's and Milton's days is easily explained. The lines possess a certain fluency and lucidity far from common among Sylvester's contemporaries, never sinking very low, never rising above a comfortable commonplace. And in substance the poem flattered at once the militant Puritanism of the age, without falling into the brambles of theology, and the quasi-scientific curiosity about the natural world, without indulging in the eccentric difficulties of Euphuism. Now and then, especially when he interpolates passages of his own, our Englishman rises to an interest of a more general sort. Perhaps the most memorable passage in the poem is that in which, like Donne and Vaughan, at a later date, he repudiates the muse of "Ovid's heirs" (having in mind probably Shakespeare's "Venus") and "our new Naso" (Drayton):

O furnish me with an unvulgar style,
That I by this may wean our wanton isle
From Ovid's heirs and their unhallowed spell,
Here charming senses, chaining souls in hell.
Let this provoke our modern wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honor Thee, their Maker,
That our mysterious elfin oracle,
Deep, moral, grave, invention's miracle—
My dear, sweet Daniel, sharp, conceited, brief,
Civil, sententious, for pure accents chief—
And our new Naso that so passionates
Th' heroic sighs of love-sick potentates,
May change their subjects, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things.

That is almost poetry, and at least "our mysterious elfin oracle" for Spenser could not be bettered. But it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, and Mr. Haight's manner of editing his favorite (published by H. M. Youmans, Waukesha, Wis.), is not likely to conciliate the skeptical. That he uses modern spelling is quite to the advantage of his author; his omissions, too, certainly do no harm. But he should not have tampered with the text for the sake of smoothing it over, without at least noting all his changes in the margin. Scholars will rightly demur, and the general reader will not be attracted any the more. Mr. Haight is concerned to show the influence of Sylvester on Milton and on later poets. His parallels tend rather to minimize such a relationship. A fair specimen of these is his comparison of Sylvester's "night's horned queen," with Milton's "the horned moon," which scarcely seems proper evidence of borrowing. In fact the association of the two poets is easily overemphasized; the roots of "Paradise Lost" cling more to "The Apollyonists" of Phineas Fletcher than to "The Divine Weeks" of Du Bartas and Sylvester. Mr. Haight is more successful in pointing out the many colloquialisms of New England, such, for example, as "his folks," that occur in Sylvester, though the reading of "The Divine Weeks" by the colonists probably had little to do with their retention of these idioms. Other faults of editing we pass over. Mr. Haight was well advised in reprinting a work which was once so famous, but which has not been issued in any generally accessible edition since the Restoration; we could wish he had chosen a different method of fulfilling his mission.

Ruskin's "Poems" make a comfortable little volume in the Muses' Library of E. P. Dutton & Co., and perhaps in this form will find readers. They all date from his sixteenth to his twenty-seventh year, the bulk of them being written when he was nineteen and twenty, and while not exactly *péchés de jeunesse*, they show no particular power or promise. G. K. Chesterton, who furnishes the introduction, has nothing to say about the poems, but applies his usual effrontery of epigrams to Ruskin the man. "In so far as Ruskin," he declares, "was dogmatic he was divine. In so far as he was saying that he was right and that all the other people were wrong, he was doing what every healthy man ought to do, nay, he was more than healthy; he was humble." Mr. Chesterton supports his paradox with another, "that a man who talks like a torrent for hours on end is a humble man." For our part we seem to remember some endlessly loquacious politicians who were not humble at all; but it is scarcely fair to test Mr. Chesterton's amusing boutades with facts.

A new edition of the "Letters of Edward Lear" (Duffield & Co.) gives Lady Strachey the opportunity to make a few unimportant corrections in her introduction. The letters themselves are of that breathless sort which the humorists of the day—Shirley Brooks's recently published correspondence is another example—much affected, and which loses its fun and sounds pretty flat when set out in cold slow type. Lear, however, was a man of winsome character, and there are many who will be glad to make his acquaintance in any form.

In his "Holland House Circle" (Putnams) Lloyd Sanders does not follow in the steps of Princess Liechtenstein's well-known account of that mansion. There is little, too little, description of the house itself; but, passing rapidly through the fortunes of the Fox family, from its founder, the Sir Stephen who entered life as a valet of the Earl of Northumberland in the seventeenth century, and the history of the residence which as Cope Castle began its career about the same time, he passes to the life of the third Lord Holland and his Lady, and then to brief chapters on the circle of statesmen, wits, men of letters and science, foreign diplomats and exiles, who gave to Holland House a unique place in English history. The story suffers from diffusion. The house itself is never made visible to us; the characters of the host and hostess are never brought out with sufficient sharpness to form a centre to the society about them; for a popular book Mr. Sanders assumes in his reader too much knowledge of those political shifts during the early decades of the last century which are perhaps harder to keep disentangled than in any other period of English history since Elizabeth. The chapters in fact resolve themselves into a series of brief character-sketches of men and women whose only connection is that they

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were more or less familiar guests at the same home. But as such, and despite its lack of artistic unity, the book affords good reading. Of a good many of the politicians who surrounded Charles James Fox and the Regent one is inclined to say, as Talleyrand said of his friend Montrond, Who would not love them, they are so vicious? But the sketches become more interesting as we pass from the politicians to the wits, for the reason that we no longer feel the want of historical background. Mr. Sanders, as his bibliography and his quotations show, has read thoroughly the anecdotal literature of the age, and if his stories are necessarily old, they are none the less entertaining. As for his heroine, Lady Holland herself, she still awaits her historian, though Greville and Macaulay have recorded her eccentricities, and Mr. Sanders has scattered the material for such a history through his pages. She was above all mistress of that union of tact and insolence which is not so rare as one would suppose. The impertinence might seem to have been too strongly predominant when she guided the conversation with a "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; give us something else." But how otherwise was that endless talker to be controlled? Again, Lady Holland had a cat which used to mawl poor Rogers, and which Brougham could only keep at bay with pinches of snuff; but a much lesser than either of them, Henry Luttrell, got rid of the pest by simply avoiding the house until it was banished. Lady Holland, with her whims and tenderness, was the last heiress in England, one may say, of that tradition of the fantastic, imperious, fascinating great-lady which began with Queen Elizabeth. Macaulay noted the family likeness when he described her in 1831 as "a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person and the air of Queen Elizabeth." The chief difference is the lack of amorous flirtations in Holland House, although the early escapade of the mistress might have led one to expect such a trait in her character.

Three pleasingly illustrated books of travel and description are: "Montreux," painted by J. Hardwicke Lewis and May Hardwicke Lewis, and described by Francis Gribble. (The Macmillan Co.); "Lisbon and Cintra, with Some Account of Other Cities and Historical Sites in Portugal," written by A. C. Inchbold, and illustrated by Stanley Inchbold (Duffield & Co.); "Tyrol," painted by E. Harrison Compton, and described by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, with twenty-four full-pages in color. (The Macmillan Co.). The only novelty in Mr. Gribble's volume is the illustrations, for the text consists almost entirely of literal transcriptions from the same author's "Lake Geneva and Its Literary Landmarks," welded together after the manner of a musical potpourri. The chapters on the Pietists, the Regicides, Madame de Warens, Bonivard, and the Castle of Chillon are taken bodily from the edition of 1901. Readers who from the title are expecting a description of the Swiss Riviera, must therefore be content with a short chapter of seven pages, while those interested in the literary associations of the region will certainly prefer the author's earlier work. For the volume in question the illustrations seem to be the only *raison d'être*. "Lisbon and Cintra" belongs to that class of pleasantly written books which travellers buy before visiting the countries of which they treat, and which afford a great deal of information, historical and descriptive, in a form less wearisome than that of the guidebook which they supplement, but do not supplant. Portugal deserves more attention from the seekers after pastures new. It is the least frequented of all countries within easy reach, chiefly because it is on the road to nowhere, a *cul de sac* lying off the beaten track. Yet its hill towns may well be compared with those of Italy in natural beauty and historic interest, though not, of course, in their art treasures. Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "Tyrol" possesses more of human interest, for it is from the pen of an old resident, thoroughly familiar with the character and habits of the Tyrolese peasant, as well as with the remoter districts of Tyrol. The point of view of the insider, whose familiarity with the land and its people is vital, is often fresher than that of the traveller or the student. The Lago di Garda, the Dolomites, and the Gross Glockner are included in the author's survey.

Though other popular works have come to rival H. W. Elson's "History of the United States," since it was first issued in one volume in 1904, and in five volumes the next year, we may welcome its new publication by the Macmillan Company in five volumes at the low price of $7.50. As the work was reviewed at length in the *Nation* (July 7, 1904, p. 17), on its original appearance, our judgment of its excellences and defects need not be repeated. The present edition contains some two hundred illustrations selected and edited by Charles Henry Hart.

W. T. Bixby of St. Louis has printed for private distribution a series of letters of Zachary Taylor, 1846-1848, the originals of which are in his possession. The letters, all written to Dr. R. C. Wood, contain much on family matters. The military events, however, are not neglected, and the belief of Taylor that the authorities in Washington were seeking to pull him down is developed in occasional references—notably in a letter printed as an appendix, written to Buchanan, and intended to be a full exposition of his Mexican campaign and the intrigues it occasioned. Naturally, Taylor did not look with favor upon his fellow officers; Scott was, in his opinion, heartless and insincere; Pillow, a very small man in every respect; and Worth, of little account. But the most interesting feature of the letters is the account of Taylor's becoming a Presidential candidate. Rarely has such a political innocent been taken up and "boomed" for the high office. Taylor was not anxious for the honor, but he said: "I will not say I would not serve if the good people were to be imprudent enough as to elect me." He would not accept the nomination from any party, but wished it to come by the spontaneous will of a majority of the people. At that time he was seriously embarrassed by the growing demands to know his "views" on political questions. He was a slaveholder, but doubted if a slaveholder could be elected President, and hoped to see some compromise on the slavery question which should preserve the Union. He did not know whether he was a Whig or a Democrat; but had concluded that the Whigs were closer to Jeffersonian principles than the Democrats and therefore would have voted for Clay in 1844! He had never cast a vote for a President, and so could hardly have seriously considered the issues on which the elections had turned. Thus he expressed his views in September, 1847:

> All who are writing me about a U. States Bank, which is dead and will not be revived in my time; the tariff, which will be increased only for revenue; internal improvement, which will go on in spite of presidential vetoes; and the Wilmot proviso, which was brought into Congress to array the South against the [North] must, or ought to be left to Congress. The president has nothing to do with making laws, he must approve or veto them; when approved or passed by a majority of two thirds, his business is to see them properly executed.

He promised to act within the Constitution and to go back to the methods of the first Presidents, but he refused to make any party pledges, and thought he would be supported by Whigs, Democrats, and Native votes. After the Whig nomination had come to him he accepted it, but wrote that he would have accepted in just the same spirit a nomination from the Democrats. Once nominated, he was dazed by the course of his political opponents; and once elected he was pained by the rush of officeseekers, among whom were many of his relatives. Altogether it is an interesting story and told frankly and in full confidence to his correspondent. William H. Samson prepared the letters for printing, and the very erratic spelling leads one to suspect that the copyist was at fault.

The late Senator John Sherman made provision in his will for the preparation of a biography, not, as he modestly said, "to secure a eulogy, for I am conscious of many faults, but I claim that in my duty to the public I have been honest, faithful, and true." The two substantial volumes of Winfield S. Kerr's "John Sherman: His Life and Public Services" (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.) are the fulfilment of this direction. The task of the biographer has been at once easy and difficult: easy, because the essential material, in the form of reminiscences, letters, speeches, and official reports, has long been available and to an unusual degree familiar; difficult, because Sherman's long career was so engrossed with affairs, and of so little interest on its purely personal side, that the temptation is strong to make the biography a general history of the time. As a careful and intelligent compilation, Mr. Kerr's work will hardly need to be done over again, but the student of American history will not find in it anything new; while the general sketch of events, though making fully a third of the bulk, is quite without distinction. The pervading tone, moreover, is persistently eulogistic, though not offensively so; and one looks in vain for any critical appraisal of Sherman's notable public services. On the whole, the book does not displace the briefer and more discriminating volume by Theodore E. Burton in the "American Statesmen" Series.

"Uncle Sam's Business," by Crittenden Marriott (Harper & Bros.), modestly an-

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nounces itself as a book for young Americans, but children of a larger growth may also find it illuminating. It is a clear exposition of the functions and responsibilities of our government, personified as Uncle Sam. An idea of the author's method may be gained from the chapter "Uncle Sam, Society Man," in which our blue-coated representative is portrayed making himself agreeable in the ballroom of the world. The book is to be praised for its attempt to vivify the dry bones of political science, and for the pleasant human bits of the writer's own philosophy, shyly insinuated here and there. It should meet the present demand for instruction without drudgery.

Anything approaching a real "solution" of either the Trust, the labor, or the negro problem would seem to be a task quite sufficient for the average man, but Harry Earl Montgomery, in his "Vital American Problems" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), essays to settle them all. The evils of Trusts are to be met by Federal incorporation, control through a Federal bureau, publicity, local taxation of tangible property, and a graduated Federal tax on profits. For the labor problem, pending the general adoption of the Golden Rule, Mr. Montgomery prescribes, first, collective bargaining; to be followed, if this fails, by compulsory arbitration through the agency of industrial courts similar to those in New Zealand and elsewhere. As to the salvation of the negro, that is to be looked for through education, especially industrial education, in furtherance of which there should be Federal aid; and, second, through the united action of Southern white women for the elevation and safeguarding of negro womanhood. As a sort of side issue, Mr. Montgomery frames a brief argument against government ownership. We cannot go into the details of any of the various plans submitted, but the reader will find the proposed remedies set forth with more reasonableness than the rather assertive confidence of the author's language might suggest; while the array of statistical and other data gives the book a value for popular reference.

A long-forgotten predecessor of Lessing, the epigrammatist Christian Wernicke, whom Prof. Erich Schmidt was the first to set before his countrymen in the proper light, is now introduced to American readers by William Guild Howard, in a reprint from the Publications of the Modern Language Association. Wernicke's place in literature is assured by his literary portraits, of which fully half of his epigrams consist, and while his critical estimate of his contemporaries is not borne out by posterity, his opinions on the theory of art are of lasting value. In his independence of judgment Wernicke was a true forerunner of Lessing. He differed from Opitz and Boileau, though indebted to both, and was the first German writer on æsthetics who dwelt authoritatively on the proper respective limits of the arts of painting and poetry. His mind was preëminently philosophical, and as a diplomat by profession (he died in 1725 as Danish State Councillor at Paris), he perhaps turned naturally to the epigram as the safest vehicle of expression.

On the basis of the large "Mittelländisches Wörterbuch" of Verwijs and Verdam, which has been in course of publication since 1882, and has now reached the letter S, Prof. J. Verdam of Leyden has begun to issue in parts a smaller work, "Mittelniederländisches Handwörterbuch," for those who desire only the definitions and not the history of the words. The whole will be completed in about twenty-five parts, four to appear annually (The Hague: M. Nijhoff).

A forty-first edition of William James's "Dictionary of the English and German Languages," printed by Bernhard Tauchnitz of Leipzig, has been brought out in this country by the Macmillan Company. The revision for the present issue has been complete, and some use of its pages justifies us in commending the work as convenient and comprehensive.

Frank Eulenburg, in "Der akademische Nachwuchs" (Leipzig: Teubner), discusses the old and ever new problem of the career of extraordinary professors and private docents at German universities. He shows how the attractions and opportunities of business are drawing away from the academic career not a few of the most promising docents. The problem as to the future supply of really first-class men in the university faculties may thus become serious.

Hermann Weimar's "Der Weg zum Herzen des Schülers" (Munich: Beck) is a discussion of the influence of the personality of the teacher on the pupil. What the author says is perhaps not new, but much of it is often forgotten. Throughout the discussion the influence of Pestalozzi's ideas are felt.

Adolf Weber in "Die Grossstadt, und ihre sozialen Probleme" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), a contribution to the series Wissenschaft und Bildung, edited by P. Herre, is an outgrowth of a course of lectures delivered on the problems and perplexities of modern city government and life. The work is rather popular in character.

In all biographies of Goethe peculiar importance is attached to his genealogy and the influence it exerted on the formation of his character and the direction of his intellectual development. His earlier ancestry is involved in profound obscurity and of his paternal and maternal lineage even as far back as five generations we know nothing. The Goethes were of North German stock, and his mother's family, the Textors, of South German. To those who are interested in this subject we recommend "Goethes Ahnen," by Dr. Karl Knetsch (Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann). It is a richly illustrated volume based upon thorough study. Dr. Knetsch shows that the paternal progenitors were mostly laborers, mechanics, butchers, bakers, and tradesmen of various kinds, whereas his mother's side included artists, officials, scholars, and members of the learned professions. The author also proves a remote consanguinity of Goethe with the elder Lucas Cranach of the fifteenth century.

Another fact forming a prominent feature of Goethe's life, but almost wholly ignored by his biographers, is his connection with the Freemasons. In 1780 he joined the Weimar Lodge, of which he was an active and fairly enthusiastic member for more than half a century. This biographical deficiency has now been supplied by Gotthold Deili's "Goethe als Freimaurer," just published (Berlin: Mittler).

"Die Eigenart der amerikanischen Predigt," by Hans Haupt (Giessen: Töpelmann), constituting one of the Studien zur praktischen Theologie, edited by Prof. Carl Clemen (who has just come to this country to lecture at the University of Chicago), is an interesting study of American pulpit oratory by an observant German. He finds American preaching to be chiefly distinguished by its disregard of the church year and its fixed texts, by the character of the American people, and by the individuality of the denomination and the preacher.

Ulrico Hoepli of Milan publishes a "Crestomazia Neoellenica," compiled by Prof. E. Brighenti, which contains a useful collection of pieces, verse and prose, in both the *lingua pura* and the *lingua volgare*. There is no vocabulary or grammatical synopsis.

The Rev. Frank Field Ellinwood, for twenty years professor of comparative religion at New York University, died at Cornwall, Conn., September 30. Born in 1826 at Clinton, N. Y., he was graduated from Hamilton College and studied at Auburn Theological Seminary and Princeton. After some years in the pastorate, he became secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Church Erection and later corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. He was author of "The Great Conquest" (1876), "Oriental Religions and Christianity" (1892), and "Questions and Phases of Modern Missions" (1899).

The Rev. Walter Chalmers Smith, senior minister of the United Free High Church, Edinburgh, died September 19, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University. His writings have been chiefly in verse; among his books are: "The Bishop's Walk" (1861), "Olrig Grange" (1872), "Hilda" (1878), "Raban" (1881), "Kildrostan" (1884), "North Country Folk" (1887), "Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings" (1887), and "A Heretic" (1890).

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

The Dawn of the Constitution: or the Reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. (A. D. 1216-1307). By Sir James H. Ramsay; with Maps and Illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Sir James Ramsay is gradually approaching the end of his self-appointed task of writing a history of England in the Middle Ages. Unlike the majority of historians, he began with the end of his period and produced as his first instalment a history of the Houses of Lancaster and York. With insight quickened by the experience gained in this effort, he then turned to the beginnings of English history, and in a series of volumes, each bearing an individual title, has brought his subject to the close of the reign of Edward I. Another volume, at least, is required to fill in the gap to the close of the fourteenth century. Whether Sir James will attempt to recast the Lancaster and York volumes, which as they stand to-day are inferior to those which have followed.

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is doubtful, for he is already advanced in years.

The history is confessedly one of facts, dates, and statistics, and boasts no ornaments, either rhetorical, speculative, or philosophical. It is designed to provide the cardinal facts in a consecutive and verified narrative, based on the original authorities and elaborated with the help of modern views and interpretations. The style is good, possessing "precision, veracity, truth to the thing to be presented," qualities which the author deems sufficient for his purpose. Such a definition will hardly appeal to the lovers of Macaulay and Froude, and to them Sir James is bound to be uninteresting, not because he fails to deal with the subjects that arouse enthusiasm, for he has much to say of men, manners, and the heavy battalions, but because he puts no life into the men, no reality into the manners, no action into the battles. The story is told year by year and almost day by day; no great movement can be followed in its entirety; causes, relations, and progressive changes are rarely considered. A work constructed on this plan can hardly be otherwise than dry.

A second feature of the work provokes deeper criticism, or rather deeper regret. The narrative deals almost exclusively with the life of the feudal lords, spiritual and temporal, with their wars, marriages, ecclesiastical relations, quarrels, intrigues, and the scores of other matters that centred in the royal court and the baronial estates. One grows weary of the author's painstaking chronicle of movements and interests of but one class, his neglect of other aspects of the life and thought of the nation. Two sections of twenty pages each sum up his comment on burgesses and villeins, law, literature, education, architecture, and finance. What is said on these subjects, however, is often well said, and no inconsiderable part of it, particularly relating to finance, is new.

Yet despite limitations, the merits of the history are many and lasting. To the student of the thirteenth century the work is indispensable. In its marshalling of facts, its accurate chronological statements, its attention to the geography of campaigns, its statistics of troops, royal revenues, and expenditures, it is a mine of information. The author has seized every opportunity of exhibiting and refuting the absurd exaggerations of the chroniclers in their estimates of numbers, and has utilized with great skill the material which the public accounts furnish, printing in text and appendices tables drawn from the Exchequer Accounts and Pipe Rolls. The task of making up these tables must have been a most tedious one, and it seems almost like ingratitude to suggest that the compiler might have made an additional effort to ascertain, at least in a general way, where the money came from, that is, in what way the financial burden of the King's heavy expenditures was distributed among the people at large. In all that relates to such confusing events as the Barons' War and the relations of Edward I. with Scotland, the author is clear, full, and impartial. His footnotes enable the scholar to verify every step and to test every statement, and the pains which he has taken with his chronology make it possible to assign every event to its proper place. When it becomes clear that the history is designed chiefly for scholars or for exceptionally well-equipped readers, and when we agree with the author that the whole life of the times lies in detail, and without the detail cannot be understood, we shall be ready to affirm that few works on English history have contributed more solid information, scientifically obtained and impartially presented, than has this valuable volume.

The Constitutional History of England: A Course of Lectures by the late F. W. Maitland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

But few historians are of such popular repute that their early unprinted work would have commercial value. In fact, no historian worthy of the name would wish his immature efforts given permanent form; and a heavy responsibility rests upon a literary executor who publishes lecture notes—generally mere guides to thought, and not the finished thought itself. The publication at the present time of a course of lectures delivered twenty years ago at the University of Cambridge demands, therefore, a justification. The lectures were not intended for publication: that Professor Maitland told the Cambridge Law Club. They might in time have been worked up into suitable form, but the manuscript remained literally untouched from the day, April 7, 1888, when the last word of the last lecture was written, until the summer of 1907, when, after consultation with competent advisers, H. A. L. Fisher, Professor Maitland's brother-in-law, decided to give the manuscript to the public. Of the results of the past twenty years' activity the manuscript, of course, contains not a word. In ordinary cases, such a fact would seriously discount the usefulness of a history. That it does not in this instance is due to certain characteristics that may be succinctly presented.

In the first place, though one of Maitland's earlier writings, this constitutional history is neither immature nor unfinished. Maitland had been reader in English law for four years; he was elected professor of the laws of England the following summer. These lectures represent one stage in the development of his remarkable powers, and must have formed a convincing testimonial of his fitness for the higher position. He left the manuscript in an almost perfect condition, for though written in six months and never copied, it bears no marks of correction, save an occasional marginal note. Such a manuscript reveals a mind already equipped with a vast amount of knowledge and competent to present that knowledge with accuracy and insight, zeal for the idea underlying the facts, and comprehensive grasp of detail combined with high speculative power.

The greater portion, 375 of the 539 pages, deals with the years after 1307, a period that Maitland was never able to cover again. It is, moreover, a period that has received comparatively little attention in the last two decades. No such upheaval has taken place in our knowledge of the Constitution in the Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian eras since Hallam, Anson, Dicey, and others wrote, as has been effected (in the period before 1300) by Round, Vinogradoff, Maitland himself, and his co-workers in the Selden Society. Even for this earlier phase, these lectures are far from antiquated, for they contain many of the seminal ideas which were subsequently developed in the "History of English Law," and show that as early as 1887 Maitland had already shaped in his own mind conclusions that the world was to know only from his later publications. This fact lends peculiar interest to the earlier portions of this history, which is no mere recapitulation of Stubbs, but contains scores of suggestions, expressions of faith, doubt, and uncertainty, and positive contributions to knowledge, which disclose Maitland already at work recasting traditional views and exploring new fields, particularly of local history. Much of the research which underlay the later writings was already in progress.

Moreover, the form of presentation gave to Maitland's lectures a permanent value. He chose an analytical rather than an historical mode of treatment. Constitutional history he regarded as a history not of parties, but of institutions, not of struggles, but of results. The struggles he believed to be evanescent, the results alone a permanent heritage. What is the Constitution? not, How did it come about? is the question he proposed, and he answered it by minute topical analyses of the Constitution at certain selected dates. He chose the years 1307, 1509, 1625, 1702, 1887, and he preferred periods of calm to periods of commotion, because they were generally avoided by other writers. He was already teaching his students, as he afterwards taught older scholars, to break with tradition, even though that tradition were reasonable, and to refrain from repeating what the standard books said, even though their sayings were true. He wished to see familiar facts in a new light. In thus

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neglecting problems of development and change he was saved the consideration of many difficult points that would have led him into the field of doubt and conjecture. What he has written is in the main indisputable, and needs no revision. By contenting himself with established facts he has rendered his work of almost as much value to-day as it was twenty years ago.

In carrying out his task Maitland depended to a considerable extent upon the classical text-books of Anson, Dicey, and others, but his greatest dependence was upon the statute-book. The skill with which he utilized the voluminous and unwieldy mass of English statute law is little short of marvellous, and reminds us of the genius which he displayed afterward in his analysis of the Year Books, Domesday Book, and the Saxon writs and charters. The statute is his final authority and his unfailing test of legality. He traces, of course, the growth of practices and arrangements that are not statutory, such as those defined by the terms "Cabinet," "Prime Minister," etc.; and of principles that are not principles of law, as of the decay of the King's personal will and pleasure; but it is to the statute-book that he turns again and again when he wishes to know what is meant, for example, by "the crown," or by "royal prerogative," terms which he deems but convenient covers for ignorance. He taught a wholesome lesson when he argued that the traditional lawyer's view of the Constitution had become untrue to fact and to law. No part of his lectures is more absolutely modern and permanent than that which urges the importance of the statute-book:

> If you are told that the crown has this power or that power, do not be content until you know who legally has the power—is it the King, is it one of his secretaries; is it the outcome of a prerogative power, or is it the outcome of statute?

He finds no satisfaction in legal definitions or formulæ, whether given by Austin or by Holland, and he prefers to show what constitutional law is by means of concrete examples.

To these sound and sufficient reasons for publication we may add that the lectures are filled with profound suggestions and original interpretations that the world could not afford to lose. They are in the main written with much of the author's well-known charm and lucidity. We may regret occasionally that he could not have revised and polished these lectures in the days of his greater maturity and have recast some of the pages of detail. Yet the regret is tempered by thankfulness that we have the work at all. It in no way precludes the writing of that history of the English Constitution which has been and is still so sorely needed, but it fully bears out the contention of the editor that it provides better than any book now in existence an introduction to the study of English constitutional history. As such it will be highly valued by practical teachers in our colleges and universities.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Spirit in Prison. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper and Bros.

Admirers of Mr. Hichens's "The Call of the Blood" will find a satisfactory sequel in the present story. If the former tale was found too harrowing, this will afford a compensatory thrill. The earlier situation will be recalled: A young Frenchman with Sicilian blood in him goes to Sicily with his English bride. The honeymoon is hardly over when she feels herself impelled to the bedside of a sick man in Africa, a friend of hers. It is a part of her generous or fantastic emprise to go alone; and the young husband is left to kick his heels in Sicily and make love to a peasant girl. The affair reaches its culmination on the eve of the wife's return, and the death of the culprit follows at the hands of an outraged father. Let both marriage and amour bear their fruit, bring together a half-brother and sister, and the two mothers with their divers memories, and you have the material of the sequel. It is, perhaps, a disappointment that nothing more spectacular comes of it. Mr. Hichens, with his accustomed slow and voluptuous pressure, wrings whatever emotional excitement he can out of the mental sufferings of his heroine (the widow). But she seems rather a dull and weak creature, a mere victim of nerves and self-indulgence, and it is hard to be glad for Emile (the hero of the African episode) when she eventually comes to her senses sufficiently to marry him. That habit of portentous moralizing over the moods of insignificant egoism which we have noted as characteristic of Mr. Hichens in the past is still his darling vice.

Further Experience of an Irish R. M. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

In these days, when fiction in general is either purposeful or futile to the verge of tears, one welcomes a book whose aim, avowed and accomplished, is a hearty and wholesome laugh. In these short stories, there is neither the tragedy of overwhelming fate nor of the writer's incompetence, but the same comedy, pungent as a turf fire, that insured to Flurry Knox and his genial biographer upon their first appearance a true Irish constancy and warmth of welcome for the future. The richness and diversity of Hibernian idiom is worthy of attention, independent of the threads of amusing misadventure on which it is strung; the combination may be ephemeral, but nobody can feel that the moments spent upon it are wasted.

The Riverman. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The McClure Co.

About this story hang the aromatic fragrance of Michigan pine, the poetry of the river, the prose of logging camp and lumber city. The idyllic, the humorous, the rough, the tough, and the grim are all here. The hero is a fine fellow, with much muscle and no nonsense about him. A believer in himself and in most others, he is a born leader, an organizer of many a victory over rival man and hostile nature herself. He can be tender to parents, wife, and child, loyal to friends, just to foes. He can knock out a professional athlete and confound a card-sharper; he can curb his temper for the most part, and let it go mightily when occasion prompts.

The story is good, and we think would be better for a little abridging of the mass of technicalities relating to logging and to the financing of lumber companies. They serve to give reality to the hardships and brutalities that go into that great fight with nature and man called the lumber industry; but he who reads feels at moments a little like running. Only a lumber expert and a compiler of stock market columns—and it is to be feared they are not as a rule novel readers—could competently pass judgment on these parts of the book. This is, however, less a fault than the overdoing of a merit. The story is a good, definite, ringing story, both in itself and in the episodes—elaborated with no little originality—which float it. The way in which justice is administered at the last makes an ending which leaves the reader tingling with a primitive and complete satisfaction.

The Wooing of Calvin Parks. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Here is a book that, like others from the same pen, is to be gratefully greeted as "reading without tears." And this is much to say in a day when, for all the seas of light reading, there is a dearth of books which shall interest without harrowing and cheer without sickening. To read it is to think at once of the hospital patient or the aged lingerers in armchairs who enjoy only such pathos as may attend happy endings and who shrink from more suffering than may lawfully beset the confounding of the unjust; who, in a word, like to be amused, but are not fools.

Mrs. Richards serves a feast of Maine humor, seasoning it with her own sympathy. She makes a very engaging central figure of Calvin Parks, once "master of the Mary Sands, Bath and Floridy—with lumber," now owner of a "candy route, hoss and waggin." Sam and Sim, the old twin brothers, in their

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temporary reaction from too long and too heavily enforced love-each-otherness, make a good field for missionary effort and Christmas reconciling. It is caricature, of course, but not stupid caricature. And the benevolences of the story are amiable, but not cloying. Pervading the whole are Maine-isms of choicest quality.

Amédée's Son. By Harry James Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Nowadays, when the novel or tale of local color connotes so frequently the tragic, the squalid, or the grotesque, it is a pleasant surprise to come upon such a gentle and gracious idyll as "Amédée's Son." That Evangeline's land should be so very much what it was—if it ever was—in Evangeline's day seems almost too good to be true, but at least one would like to believe it. The story is of the slightest, the handling graceful but somewhat amateurish; the merit of the book is that it enables its readers to spend once more an hour in "Acadie, home of the happy."

Dominy's Dollars. By B. Paul Neuman. London: John Murray.

The piling up of a colossal fortune, with the vanity thereof, is no new theme. Yet by its breadth and thoughtfulness this book stands well out from the average money novel, no less than by its intimate study of the Jewish nature. Of Shylocks, of East Side nature studies in little and big Jews, of prophets of the Torah, we have bookfuls. Of Jews who are strongly racial and strongly human, we have few. To that limited library Mr. Neuman's volume makes a serious and welcome addition.

His hero begins life in that part of New York whence an occasional western trip to the Bowery is an event. But it is the Jew, as he lives unto himself and not to his settlement teacher, that is presented to the reader. From his first street fight to his becoming the Colossus of the timber world, Dominy is a study of two sides of the Jewish character—that which aims at preëminence and that which abases itself before the Supreme One, who may not be named. Stifling the stirrings of his soul, Dominy deliberately arranges his life to command huge financial success. His girl playmate of the splendid voice takes precisely the opposite course, abjuring fame to find blessedness. The delineation is both broad and minute, both shrewd and tolerant. The portrait of Baskervil, the English financier, is garishly vivid. He truly describes himself as "a bit of a character, a bit of a genius, a bit of a bounder, fairly honest, and terribly soft-hearted." This brings us to a defect in the book. Would such a man ever have so described himself? Would a vulgar millionaire be apt to exclaim, "I've often thanked God that I'm a parvenu"? In other words, though the characters are expressively drawn, at moments they step outside of their characters in self-comment and self-interpretation. There is a somewhat fatiguing amount of options, stock-jobbing, company-floating, and of the now fashionable lumber market. But this is a superfluity rather than a blemish in a novel which is strong, large, and wide-visioned.

The Technique of the Novel: The Elements of the Art, Their Evolution, and Their Present Use. By Charles F. Horne. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50 net.

According to Professor Horne, the study of the novel and its developments, technically considered, resolves into an account of the origin, growth, and treatment of a limited number of "elements"—plot, motive or verisimilitude, character portrayal, emotional excitement, background, and style—whose rise and gradual convergence he pretends to follow, through the mazes of Egyptian story and Greek and mediæval romance, to their final confluence in the modern novel. Of these elements, however, it need hardly be said that they are in no wise elemental. They fail to distinguish the novel from the epic or from the drama in general, as Professor Horne is very positive that it should be distinguished; and, being common to all three forms of literature equally, they can hardly be supposed to account for any one of them more than another. The fact is that Professor Horne's investigation overlooks the determining factor of the whole problem. Indisputably the novel has style and plot, but its style and its plot are quite different from those of epic and drama; and the something which makes this difference and decides the *genre*, is the very matter which the writer passes over in silence, though as a matter of fact he seems to reckon with it tacitly, since he confines his research of origins to that kind of writing to which we apply the general name of story. Naturally, such an initial error vitiates, to some extent, the entire study. If the character of the novel is not determined by these "elements," why ransack them for its origin? Better to search out the fundamental convention, the peculiar attitude or motive to which this type of literature answers.

And aside from this, the historical method itself, which Professor Horne applies to his subject, is open also to serious objection. When applied, as it is here, to stringing together a number of literary productions on the few frail threads furnished by these "elements," it is exceedingly liable to mistake a historical series for a critical explanation. It is not impossible, for example, that some kind of lineage may exist as between the "Nibelungen Lied," "Beowulf," and the novel; but the mere enumeration of such a sequence does not explain fiction, but rather itself requires explanation. While, too, the affiliation of a mature product with a rudimentary form, which may belong, indeed, to the same physical series but has little or no spiritual kinship with it, is likely to be equally misleading. Possibly, as Professor Horne is fond of asserting, the origin of the novel may be found in the trick of lying with plausibility; but to insist upon this stage of the art, without careful qualification, is to misconceive its characteristic mood to-day, which is illusion, not deception, and consequently to mistake its methods, and, indeed, its whole technique. Of these difficulties in his historical manner of approach Professor Horne himself seems not entirely unaware; for he remarks, after analyzing mediæval romance, that, so far from approaching the novel, it appears, if anything, to be developing away from it.

So much for the first part of the book, which deals with the "evolution" of the "elements." In the second part Professor Horne undertakes to speak of the treatment they have received at the hands of mature practitioners of the art. Of this part little need be said. In spite of a number of suggestive *obiter dicta*, it is too superficial and unsystematic for such a subject. Technique is entirely an affair of detail and method; and therefore a few cursory remarks on the handling of plot or background give but little insight into the novelist's intricate *procédés* and effects. And yet, as a whole, unsatisfactory as the book is, still as a piece of academic work it marks an advance upon the profitless editing and reëditing of school and college texts.

Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642-1710. By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. New York: Fordham University Press.

One wonders a little why Father Campbell named his volume "Pioneer Priests of North America," when, as he is at pains to explain in his preface, "only those have been chosen who had to do with the Iroquois country." But when one has got over the momentary surprise of not finding Brébeuf, Lalemant, or Daniel, to mention no others, criticism is disarmed by the admirable character of Father Campbell's work. The book, although arranged in the form of a series of separate biographical sketches, is really to all intents and purposes a history of Jesuit missions to the Iroquois, from 1642, when Father Jogues was taken prisoner on the St. Lawrence and carried down to Ossernenon on the Mohawk, to 1709, when Julien Garnier was driven out of the Iroquois country. Most of the material here presented was, of course, already

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available elsewhere, in the Jesuit Relations, in Charlevoix's "Nouvelle France," and in the writings of Parkman, Rochemonteix, Martin, Winsor, Shea, and other well-known authorities on the Jesuit missions; but, except in the case of two or three of the more famous missionaries, the accounts could only be gathered piecemeal by laborious research. Students of the period are therefore indebted to Father Campbell for having brought the facts together in convenient form; and still more because he has performed his task in a scholarly manner, and with reasonable impartiality. It is not altogether surprising that Father Campbell does not always see eye to eye with Parkman in his interpretation of the character and purposes of the Jesuit missionaries. Later students, perhaps less prejudiced than Father Campbell, have perceived that the great New England historian, despite his glowing enthusiasm, was temperamentally unable to enter into the spirit of the Jesuit missions and missionaries. Father Campbell is especially severe on Parkman's characterization of Chaumonot: "the fanatical Chaumonot, whose character savored of his peasant birth—for the grossest fungus of superstition that ever grew under the shadow of Rome was not too much for his omnivorous credulity, and mysteries and miracles were his daily food." This "malignant characterization," as Campbell calls it, is nevertheless, allowing for differences in the point of view, not much more severe than the picture offered of the same Chaumonot by the Jesuit historian Rochemonteix: "simple even to credulity, timid even to fear, of an intelligence that lacked culture, impressionable, and with nothing in his character that could confer distinction." Perhaps it is the point of view to which Father Campbell really takes exception.

Though the Iroquois missions form the particular field to which this book is devoted, it has been found necessary, in sketching the lives of these priests, to follow them occasionally into other regions. Thus we get glimpses, often graphic and spirited, of the Huron missions, of Dablon's expedition to the headwaters of the Saguenay and beyond, of New Amsterdam and its worthy burghers as seen through the eyes of Jogues, Le Moyne, and other Jesuit visitors, and of the romantic and picturesque little capital of New France. Altogether Father Campbell's book is one of permanent interest and value. One may commend the numerous and well-chosen illustrations quite as heartily as one must deplore the absence of any kind of index.

The Game of Go. By Arthur Smith. New York. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50.

The game of go, which has been the solace of the sedentary in China and Japan for a millennium or so, is usually regarded by foreigners as similar to our checkers; whereas it is even more complicated than chess. The Japanese have a saying that one must play ten thousand times in order to be a good player. Ordinary games last an hour or two, but those for championship are often prolonged for eight or ten hours; in one classic instance, the period was continuously nine days and one night. The difficulty of the game and the time and labor that must be expended on it have prevented its adoption in other countries. Nevertheless, it is extremely fascinating and to those shut off from active occupation it is worthy of mastery.

Like chess, go is a military game, but whereas the tactics representing chess suggest a by-gone age, in which the fall of the chief meant the loss of the battle, this game, in which three hundred and sixty pieces are used, presents rather the picture of a modern campaign, in which the movement of the masses decides the victory. Several battles may occur on various parts of the board and much strategy is required. It has even been averred that the late war with Russia was planned on the principle of go, for an important part of the strategy on the board is to cut off whole armies from their line of communications as well as to besiege and capture strong positions, and to fortify threatened points. The author declares that at Liao Yang, Marshal Oyama got three of the necessary men, or "stones," advantageously placed, but the Russians escaped before the fourth stone could be moved into position. At the final battle of Mukden, the enveloping strategy characteristic of the game was carried out with complete success.

Mr. Smith's exposition, with the abundant diagrams, details of rules and methods, and illustrative games, is admirable. Hitherto it has almost been a proverb with foreigners that a German, O. Kortschelt, was the only alien who knew go so well that he could write upon it clearly, which he did in the Proceedings of the German Asiatic Society of Japan; but this work shows that Mr. Smith is successful, both as master and teacher.

Science.

THE WAR ON TUBERCULOSIS.

Sweden has seized the occasion of the international congress at Washington to recount her own experiences in the war against tuberculosis as a sort of laboratory report for the general profit of humanity. The Swedish government has published, in English, a volume entitled "The Struggle against Tuberculosis in Sweden," edited by Dr. Sture Carlsson, and has dedicated it to the specialists who were assembled at Washington. The book summarizes the strategy and tactics of the world-wide campaign, of which many features are familiar enough to us. But because of the thoroughness with which the statistical side of the problem has been developed in Sweden, the reader is here enabled to grasp, with unusual clearness, the twofold method of attack now employed.

Tuberculosis, like other universal diseases, is being fought through expert medical research and through social effort. The latter we may characterize roughly as a campaign of sanitation. Of course, no sharp line of separation runs between the two. In the last resort the broad measures of prevention and cure taken up by government or public effort must depend on the principles laid down by the expert investigator and the professional practitioner. But this distinction is to be made: while the experts are still striving towards a fundamental theory of origin and cure, the common experience of the world has revealed certain methods which may be successfully applied, even upon the basis of only a partial theoretical knowledge. We do not yet know the exact relation between bovine and human tuberculosis. When we do discover the rôle played by cow's milk in disseminating tubercular infection, we shall, of course, be better off. But already we know that adequate police regulations with regard to expectoration on the streets, and that improved housing and nourishment constitute one way of checking the malady. Such methods are slower and less striking than that longed-for serum which shall do for consumption what has been done for diphtheria or smallpox. But short of that much-desired goal, which reports made at the congress seem to bring very close, we must be content with lesser profits.

Slow enough the gains are; disappointingly so because we have often been told, with apparent authority, that the ravages of tuberculosis have been reduced by one-half within that rather indefinite period known to the newspapers as "a short time." Yet the Swedish government report declares that, whereas the general death-rate in Sweden, as in other civilized countries, "has enormously decreased during the last decades, . . . the mortality due to consumption has everywhere remained almost stationary, our own country not excepted." Here again it is a question of what the report means by the last decades. We get the answer from an accompanying chart. Between 1876 and 1905 the general death-rate for all Swedish cities fell from 24.5 to about 16 per thousand, and in the capital, Stockholm, from 29 to 17 per thousand.

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During the same period the deaths from tuberculosis have fallen from 5 to 2½ per thousand. That, at first appearance, would show a more favorable rate of decrease for tuberculosis than for the general mortality. But the rather puzzling fact is that the decline in the number of deaths from tuberculosis took place between the years 1876 and 1890. Since the latter year the death-rate for tuberculosis has fallen but slightly in urban Sweden, and has been practically stationary in Stockholm. Our own experience would seem to be approximately the same. In 1890 the deaths from tuberculosis were about 163 per 100,000 of the population. In 1900 there appears to have been a drop to 149 per 100,000. But, according to the mortality statistics published in 1907 by the Census Bureau, the rate (for the registration area) was 174.9 in 1901, 163.2 in 1902, 165.7 in 1903, 177.3 in 1904, and 168.2 in 1905. The average of 172.3 for five years shows, evidently, no improvement over the rate for 1890, and tuberculosis is classified in the census report with the diseases showing neither an increasing nor a decreasing, but a fluctuating, rate.

The struggle, then, is a hard one. They have found it so in Sweden, where the mortality rate for tuberculosis is nearly 200, against our 170; but they have kept up the fight bravely by means of popular associations for combating the disease, by public lectures, a central museum at Stockholm, and by all the latter-day forms of publicity. Special areas in town and country have been minutely studied and described. And the one thing that stands out is that to raise the common standard of living is still the best way of fighting the disease. If we remember that the general death-rate for Sweden is less than 16 per thousand, we shall understand what it means that among Swedish tobacco workers the consumptives alone are 17 out of every 1,000 men and 36 out of every 1,000 women; among printers, 22 out of every 1,000 men and 19 out of every 1,000 women; among bookbinders, 24 out of every 1,000 men and 35 out of every 1,000 women. It is in the factory and the tenement house that the disease must be fought; and parks, as well as bridges, subways, and other means of rapid transit to the open country, are some of the ways of fighting it. From this point of view, civic misgovernment and graft which stand in the way of relieving congestion or of enforcing statutory regulations upon landlord and shopowner, are as deadly as the dreaded bacillus.

The volume commemorating the centenary of the birth of Darwin and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species," to be issued by the Cambridge University Press, with the co-operation of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, will include essays by British and foreign contributors. The plan of the work is outlined as follows: I. Darwin and Evolution (Darwin's Relation to His Predecessors; Natural Selection; Variation and Heredity; Descent of Man; The Palæontological Record; Embryology; Geographical Distribution; The Minute Structure of Cells in Relation to Heredity; Instinct and Expression, etc.). II. Darwin's Geological Work. III. Darwin's Contributions to Botany. IV. Philosophical and Other Essays (The Inference of the Conception of Evolution on Modern Philosophy; Sociology; Religion; Language, etc.).

Longmans, Green & Co. are about to issue "In Search of a Polar Continent," by Alfred H. Harrison; and "Alpines and Bog Plants," by Reginald Farrer.

Dr. Charles S. Minot's "Age, Growth, and Death" is soon to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," by Walter W. Massie and Charles R. Underhill (D. Van Nostrand Company) deals fairly well with the first part of the title, giving the theory of electro-magnetic wave motion in an especially clear manner. The apparatus used is outlined in general, and is well illustrated with pictures and diagrams. Wireless telephony is but slightly touched upon. The book closes with a special article on the future of the wireless art by Nikola Tesla, in his usual optimistic style.

Despite the fact that the turtles are more widely distributed in latitude and in time than any of the other reptilian orders, the study of the group has long lagged. The reason is scarcely evident; yet it is a fact that for many years fossil hunters and other explorers in the West gave little heed to the often numerous turtles they saw, but habitually passed them by as of purely secondary interest. Even in the case of the turtles of the Upper Cretaceous marls of New Jersey but one fairly good collection was made; namely, that of Yale University. Moreover, while collectors thus ignored the fossil turtles, the forms that were described were often based on most fragmentary material. Now, however, Dr. Oliver Perry Hay, as the result of exploration in the field, and the re-examination of the older material, finds that there are 266 well-defined species of North American fossil turtles—or more than now survive on all the continents. From this it is evident that the turtles are a disappearing group, though yet so abundant as to lend a deep interest to all problems connected with their origin and distribution. Dr. Hay's investigations are set forth in "The Fossil Turtles of North America," a volume of 568 quarto pages, 703 illustrations in the text, and 113 plates (Carnegie Institution of Washington). Turtles first appeared in North America in the Upper Jurassic; they culminated in both number and size in the Upper Cretaceous, but were still very common in the Early Tertiary, since which they have declined in number. Many additional extinct forms will yet doubtless be brought to light, and their identification will be rendered speedy and accurate by Dr. Hay's really epoch-making work. For it is far in advance of any that has hitherto been written on its subject, or on the turtle fauna of any other country. As an example of book-making the volume before us deserves an additional word of praise. The general accuracy of printing, with excellence of paper and illustrations, is worthy of the institution which publishes it.

In "Beobachtungen über die Psyche der Menschenaffen" (Frankfurt: Neuer Frankfurter Verlag) Dr. Alexander Sokolowsky has just published a valuable contribution to animal psychology. Especially interesting are the records of his observations on gorillas, of which eight specimens were recently brought from Africa to Stellingen. The author, as zoölogical assistant in charge of this collection of animals, treated these gorillas with the greatest care and kindness and made efforts to win their confidence and affection, but with no response whatever. They were fed with bananas and other articles of food, to which they are accustomed, but refused to eat in the presence of human beings. Finally, they all died, not of physical disease, but of mental depression caused by their captivity. More satisfactory was his later experience with a gorilla brought by a German officer from Kamerun, together with two negro boys. These lads became strongly attached to the gorilla, and the gorilla to them, and through them it soon entered into friendly relations to white men. It enjoyed their society and developed a high degree of sensibility and a peculiar gift of humor, manifesting itself particularly in the childish form of practical jokes.

The Sammlung Göschen (Leipzig: G. J. Göschen) has recently been increased by two technological books: Prof. Max Gürtler's "Textil-Industrie," I.: "Spinnerei und Zwirnerei"; and Erich Krebs's "Technologisches Wörterbuch," containing the most important technical terms in machinery, shipbuilding, and electrical science in both German and English.

In an illustrated brochure, "Fouilles Scientifiques dans la vallée de la Vézère," O. Hauser of Les Eyzie de Tayac (Dordogne), France, gives a brief account of his palethnological explorations at La Micoque, Laugerie-Basse, Laugerie-Haute, Le Moustier, Miremont, and Longueroche in the Perigord district, which have given results surpassing all previous work in this very important region. Near Laugerie-Haute, a score of cylindrical holes containing *solutrean* flints were found. These holes had evidently been traps. The terrace in which they were dug was the only way by which animals could go to the bank of the Vézère to drink. It was easy to barricade the place and so force the animals to cross the space where the traps had been laid. The finds include a prehistoric skeleton of the Neanderthal type; evidence of the presence of the mammoth, *Bos primigenius*, *Bison priscus*, *Equus caballus*, and other fauna; an abundance of stone implements of different prehistoric periods, carved bones and picture stories; and what Dr. Hauser calls the *ateliers* of the "artists." Yet the importance of these excavations lies especially in the methods adopted to preserve accurate records of the positions of everything unearthed. First, the location of the excavations was indicated exactly. A surveyor was employed constantly taking the most accurate measurements and numbering not only every object found, but, with a corresponding number, its original location in nature and on the various charts which

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were made. Photographs of each new aspect of the work were taken every day, and drawings of cross-sections of the strata were made frequently. It would be possible, if necessary, to replace exactly in its original position everything found. Anthropologists and anatomists classified the bones, and chemists examined the flints and the different strata of earth, while a skilled engineer prepared topographical maps which show the relations existing between the different stations where work is carried on. Nothing was neglected which could furnish all the proofs and guarantees which modern science exacts. Consequently, beneath what previous investigators had regarded as virgin soil, the most valuable results have been reached. An account of the season's researches will be printed in *L'Homme préhistorique*.

The Eleventh International Congress of Ophthalmogists has been called to meet in Naples from April 2 to 7, 1909.

Commander John Baptiste Bernadou, formerly American naval attaché of the embassies at Rome and Vienna, died in this city October 2. Born in Philadelphia in 1858, he was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1882, and by 1906 had risen through the various grades to commander. He had served in the Bureau of Navigation, and had done work for the Smithsonian Institution. Among his writings are: "A Trip Through Northern Corea in 1883-4," "Pyro-Collodion Smokeless Powder," "Smokeless Powder, Nitro-Cellulose, and the Theory of the Cellulose Molecule," and a translation, "Questions in Naval Tactics," from the Russian, by Vice-Admiral Makaroff.

The death is announced of George Nicholson, curator of Kew Gardens from 1886 to 1901. He was author of "The Dictionary of Gardening" (1888).

Drama.

The uncommon literary quality of Percy Mackaye's "Mater: A Study in American Comedy" is much more apparent in the printed book (The Macmillan Co.) than in the present representation of the work in the Savoy Theatre. One reason is that certain passages are omitted or compressed in the acting version; another, that the players are incapable of giving due expression to the humorous or fanciful significance of the lines; and a third, that attention is distracted from the dialogue by the difficulties of an extravagant and confusing plot. These difficulties are increased rather than diminished by a perusal of the text, but, away from the foot-lights, it is possible to disregard them, and to enjoy, undisturbed, the felicity of phrase, the variety and aptness of allusion, the play of witty and satirical humor, the clever touches of characterization, and the occasional flights of poetic imagination. That there is a comic impulse in Mr. Mackaye's mind, which may yet manifest itself triumphantly in a first-class comedy, no one who reads "Mater" can doubt, but it has not yet been brought into proper subjection. Laughter may be the test of love, as his Mrs. Dean proclaims in her charming song, but it is not the test, at all events not the sole or chief test of a play which professes to be written with some definite point in view. It is all very well to make fun of a "suffragette" or an insufferably priggish young idealist, or to extol the power of diplomacy, but to justify, even by light imputation, the sacrifice of a sound principle for the sake of prospective good, is a serious matter. When her son refuses to secure his election, by what he regards as bribery, Mrs. Dean employs a gross (and quite incredible) deception to win his fight, and calls it common sense; and in this view, the idealist son finally acquiesces. The fact is, that in the last analysis, Mater is a weak, shallow, and unscrupulous creature, in spite of all the glamour with which Mr. Mackaye has surrounded her. Mr. Mackaye has done a sparkling piece of literary work, but with a flavor of cynicism which is not altogether agreeable.

An especially attractive little volume is "Shakespeare Proverbs" by Mary Cowden Clarke (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is convenient to handle and is full of good matter, daintily printed on excellent paper. More than sixty years have passed since the collection was first published, and the book has long been out of print. It has now been reëdited by W. J. Rolfe, who has added to the original matter, which was taken from the plays only, a number of kindred passages from the sonnets and other poems, and prefaced the whole with a sketch of Mrs. Clarke and a brief essay upon the exact meanings of the words "proverb," "saw," "adage," "aphorism," etc. He has also furnished some explanatory notes which will be useful to younger students, and has supplied the references to the pieces from which the proverbs are selected. The arrangement of the extracts in alphabetical order does not facilitate reference, but the grouping of them under special heads would have demanded much labor and might not have proved much more satisfactory. The great majority of Mrs. Clarke's selections are unexceptionable, but some of them are rather strange, being due, perhaps, to excess of zeal. For instance, such lines as these, "At hand, quoth quick-purse," and "To strange sores strangely they strain the cure" do not seem to have much proverbial or other value.

"His Wife's Family," by George Egerton, (Mrs. Bright) produced in Wallack's Theatre on Tuesday evening, is a study of Irish improvidence, which, light and undramatic as it is in texture, bears unmistakable evidence of humorous perception and skill in characterization. It has the true flavor of comedy, and is in many respects a notable little piece, but unfortunately it was presented under such puzzling conditions that much of its legitimate effect miscarried. Owing to the brogue employed, the faulty elocution of the actors, and the poor acoustic qualities of the house, two-thirds of it might as well have been given in dumb show. But enough came across the footlights to prove the vitality, distinctness, and naturalness of the different characters and the familiarity of the author with the strength and weakness of the Irish nature. Admirable sketches are furnished of a reckless, hot-headed, tender-hearted spendthrift, his son and daughters, and two old family servants; and the scenes in which they figure are often worthy of either Charles Lever or Samuel Lover. The humor is broad, but not extravagant, and is diversified with some shrewd political and social comment. The piece is well worthy of a place in the Irish Theatre. As true comedy it is more consistent with the traditions of the Wallack stage than anything seen there for a long time. But it is likely to prove caviare to the general.

Nothing need be said here of the play of "Agnes," in which Miss Nance O'Neil is appearing in the Majestic Theatre. It is a piece of lurid and inexpert sensationalism beneath contempt. But it is worth noting that Miss O'Neil, recently esteemed an actress of much more than common promise, is beginning to show the effects of bad management and misdirected effort. She has contracted mannerisms of speech and bearing which deprive her acting, to a considerable degree, of its best spontaneous effects, and make it at once artificial and insignificant. This is a great pity, for she is one of the few stage women having in them the elements of tragic power.

Music.

A chapter from the Richard Wagner Jahrbuch, 1908, to be issued soon (Berlin: Hermann Paetel), appears as a *Sonderabdruck*, entitled "Richard Wagner über Lohengrin," by Erich Kloss. It consists of a collection of statements made from the works and letters of Wagner on the origin, character, and purpose of "Lohengrin."

Otto Böckel's "Handbuch des deutschen Volksliedes" (Marburg: Elwert), while modestly described on the title-page as the fourth edition of the classical work of A. F. C. Vilmar, "Handbüchlein für Freunde des deutschen Volksliedes," is almost entitled to rank as a new work. The additional matter is fully one-third of the original contents.

The great musical event in the State of Maine every year is the festival given under the direction of William R. Chapman. This year's performances begin at Bangor October 8 and continue three days. The Portland dates are October 12, 13, and 14. Among the soloists engaged are Ellen Beach Yaw, Isabelle Bouton, Caroline Mihr-Hardy, H. L. Waterous, Daniel Beddoe, and Cecile Fanning. There is a festival chorus of 800 singers contributed by many Maine towns, and the orchestra is made up of players from the New York Philharmonic Society and the Manhattan Opera House. Among the choral works to be given are Gounod's "Gallia," Grieg's "Recognition of Land," and Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel." Verdi's "Aïda" in concert form is the feature of the festival.

Miss May Mukle, who is the most interesting of living violoncellists of either sex, is back in this country, where she begins her second season at the Worcester Festival, playing the Saint-Saëns concerto. Her first New York appearance will be in the Hermann Klein series, on October 25, when she will appear as soloist and as a member of the new Maud Powell Trio, which after that date will go on a Western tour. Miss Mukle has added to her repertory concertos by Victor Herbert and Davidoff, Dvorák's "Waldesruhe," and Massenet's "La Tzigane."

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Edmund Kretschmer, composer and organist of the Catholic Hofkirche, Dresden, died September 13 at the age of seventy-eight.. In 1865 his composition "Die Geisterschlacht" won a prize at the first German Sängerfest in Dresden. He produced several operas: "Die Folkunger" (1875), "Heinrich der Löwe" (1877), "Der Flüchtling" (1881), and "Schön Rohtraut" (1887). Among his other pieces are "Pilgerfahrt," "Sieg im Gesang," and "Musikalische Dorfgeschichten."

Art.

THE NEW HALS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON, September 25.

There have been several additions to the National Gallery in London: More Turners in the Turner Room, a beautiful portrait of Pitt by Romney. But all these are of lesser note, compared to the big Family Group by Frans Hals [see the *Nation* of September 10, p. 245]. The picture has been hung between the two small portraits that are the only examples of Hals hitherto in the National Gallery.

It contains ten figures, father, mother, children, and nurse, grouped out-of-doors against a background of foliage. To the left, this foliage opens to show a great stretch of the downs near Haarlem, an arrangement that recalls the background in the superb portrait of himself and his wife in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. The composition, however, does not prove quite so successful in this larger group, though the simple, solemn landscape under the cloud-swept skies of Holland is delightful. But you get an effect of crowding, a feeling that prevents you at first from realizing the wonderful ingenuity and rhythm of the design. The line is as rhythmical as the color is rich, the usual black, gray, and white scheme relieved by the splendid russets and maroons in the dresses of the mother and daughters. The group, as a whole, has not the serenity, the repose, of the old women at Haarlem, or the vivacity and gayety of the portrait of himself and his wife, or the swagger and exuberance of the various shooting guilds. The figures vary in strength and character. The father, though the central figure, is of lesser interest, and so are the two young sons in the background. But the face of the mother, weary, and worn, and old before her time, has the same tenderness, the same peaceful patience, of the faces of those wonderful old women at Haarlem, a quality so little looked for from Hals. The nurse, with the baby in her arms, is painted with the vigor he always brought to his peasants and coarser types; while nothing could be more graceful and charming than the two little girls in the immediate foreground. They are full of the spirit of childhood, and in their dresses the richest note in the harmony is struck. The detail, too, is treated in the same masterly fashion as in the Doelen pictures—the detail of white ruff, or collar, and cuffs, of the white caps, especially of the two little girls, their ornament suggested with a daintiness in striking contrast to the more vigorous handling of draperies and foliage.

The technique is of a much later and more mature period than that of The Laughing Cavalier in the Wallace Collection, the most important Hals up to the present owned by the nation. Altogether, the new Hals is a most interesting and important picture; for no other of the great Dutch masters was so inadequately represented in the National Gallery. N. N.

Among the books soon to be issued by Longmans, Green, & Co. are "Painting in the Far East," by Lawrence Binyon; and "The Mistress Art," by Reginald Blomfield.

The latest issue of the *Mitteilungen* (No. 37) of the Deutsche Orientgesellschaft contains a report from the director of the German Archæological Institute in Cairo, Prof. Ludwig Borchardt, concerning the finds made this last season at Abusir. The entire sepulchral temple (Todtentempel) of King Sahure of the fifth Egyptian dynasty, about 2500 B. C., was laid bare. The most notable feature is the extensive system furnishing water to all parts of the structure and its adjacent buildings, the oldest work of the kind extant. Even a section of the copper pipe used for this purpose was found. The outside of the temple consisted largely of magnificent monolith granite columns in palm form. Of these columns, a number will be placed in the Berlin Museum. The whole building represents the highest stage of Egyptian architecture. The pictures on the walls are exceptionally fine. Among them is a picture of the return of a victorious Egyptian fleet, the oldest illustration of seafaring vessels extant. It depicts vessels laden with the spoils of Asia and prisoners of war. On another wall is a picture of the King and his courtiers hunting; various kinds of animals are distinctly shown. Another picture gives a fishing scene, with full details.

The unsympathetic, uninterpretative photograph has been the sole source from which the average traveller of to-day might freshen his memory of the impressions gained along the banks of the Nile. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that the laudable and costly undertaking of Alfred Langewort, Breslau, has remained practically unknown here in America. The six etchings executed for his house by Hugo Ulbrich will undoubtedly be welcomed by a large body of Nile travellers in this country, as they have been in England. Herr Ulbrich has a broad conception of the monumental in art which serves him with brilliant success. His selection has been made with insight, and the execution of every subject conveys to the beholder the tremendous impression and the subtle quality of age and mystery so powerful in the presence of the originals and so elusive when attempted by modern artists. The subjects selected are: The Island and Temples of Philæ, The Cliff Temple of Abu Simbel, The Great Sphinx of Gizeh, The Colonnades of the Temple of Luxor, The Memnon-Colossi at Thebes, and The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Philæ, with all its indefinable charm, is probably the most successful of the six, and will be especially welcome to those who know that this, the most beautiful spot in Egypt, is rapidly becoming a hideous waste, under the action of the waters raised by the great dam at Asuan. The energy, the depth, and appreciation of light and of architectural form displayed in the view of Luxor, will be a delight to all those to whom this ancient world makes any appeal. The overwhelming desolation of the Valley of the Kings' Tombs is powerfully depicted; and the monumental repose and massive poise that make up the eternal immobility of the divine Pharaoh, are impressively felt in the rendering of the Great Sphinx, the Colossi of Memnon, and those of Rameses II. at Abu Simbel. Our art museums and libraries, the art departments of our colleges and universities cannot afford to be without the entire series, and no doubt they will find a welcome in many private collections.

The Museo Stibbert is the latest addition to the public museums of Florence. Frederic Stibbert, an Englishman who died two years ago, bequeathed his villa on the slopes of Montughi, beyond the Ponte Rosso, the collections it contained, and a fund of $160,000 for its maintenance, conditionally to the English government, otherwise to the city of Florence. This Italian Communal Council has recently accepted the bequest. The gift includes paintings, statuary, and furniture, but is chiefly important for its collection of Persian carpets and hangings and of arms, which ranks next to that at Turin.

W. O. Roper, a Lancashire antiquary, died September 19. He wrote "The Churches, Castles, and Ancient Halls of North Lancashire"; an historical sketch of Hornby Castle; and, in collaboration with T. Cann Hughes, a paper on "The Corporate Insignia, Plate, and Charters of Lancashire," which was published in the *Journal* of the Archæological Institute.

Marcel Jambon, the French decorative painter, died at Paris September 30, in his sixtieth year. He was decorator of the Opéra, of the Comédie-Française, and one of the collaborators in decoration for the exposition of 1889. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Prof. Friedrich Adler, the Berlin architect, who became a professor at the Bauakademie in that city in 1863, has died in his eighty-first year. Among the buildings which he designed are the Christuskirche and the Thomaskirche in Berlin, the Elisabethkirche in Wilhelmshaven, the Paulskirche in Bromberg, and the Erlöserkirche in Jerusalem. He took an active part in the excavations at Olympia, an account of which he published in collaboration with Professor Curtius. Among his writings are: "Mittelalterliche Backsteinbauwerke des preussischen Staats" (1859), "Andreas Schlüter: Leben und Werke" (1862), "Baugeschichtliche Forschungen in Deutschland" (1870-1879), "Die Weltstädte in der Baukunst" (1872), "Der Felsendom und die

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heilige Grabeskirche in Jerusalem" (1873), and "Das Mausoleum zu Halikarnass" (1900).

Finance.

Gold, Prices, and Wages, under the Greenback Standard. By Wesley C. Mitchell. [University of California Publications in Economics.] Berkeley: The University Press. Price $5.00.

This stout volume of 627 pages is crammed with statistical tables bearing on the price revolutions in this country between 1861 and 1879. Five years ago the compiler published a "History of the Greenbacks: 1862-1865," and had planned, as he tells us, to extend the study up to the resumption of specie payments. Compelled to defer the continuation of his history, he has been enabled, through the aid of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, to prepare certain statistical tables essential to the completion of the task. The tables may therefore be regarded as "the statistical apparatus of a book still to be written." A new statistical method is employed; and the results, compared with analogous tables of the Aldrich Report (1893) and Weeks's Report (1880), are subjected to a running comment through page 283. Twelve charts accompany this part of the text, and the voluminous appendix comprises data employed by Mr. Mitchell in constructing his own tables.

The familiar arithmetical average is not capable, Mr. Mitchell thinks, of showing the range and variety of changes in prices. He therefore resorts to what is called the method of deciles. It is more elaborate, it probably draws the statistical net finer, and it may be serviceable, if a particular series of price-variations needs to be cross-questioned. But in general it is cumbrous, and its application in this instance seems to disclose few very important divergences from the results of the simpler methods. Indeed, the outcome of this new statistical study is merely confirmatory of earlier and broader generalizations. For example:

> Wholesale prices lagged behind gold; . . . retail prices lagged behind wholesale prices; cost of living behind retail prices [*e. g.*, stability of house rent, etc.], and wages behind cost of living (p. 282).

There is avowedly no attempt to solve the basic problem of the whole matter—the cause of the variations in the specie value of the greenback. But peeping out at the edges here and there are *obiter dicta* (pp. 15, 250) which would seem to imply that the author is not altogether an adherent of the famous quantity theory of money.

"The World's Gold," by L. De Launay; and "Investment Bonds," by F. Lowenhaupt, will soon be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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